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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1878 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 18 1936

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

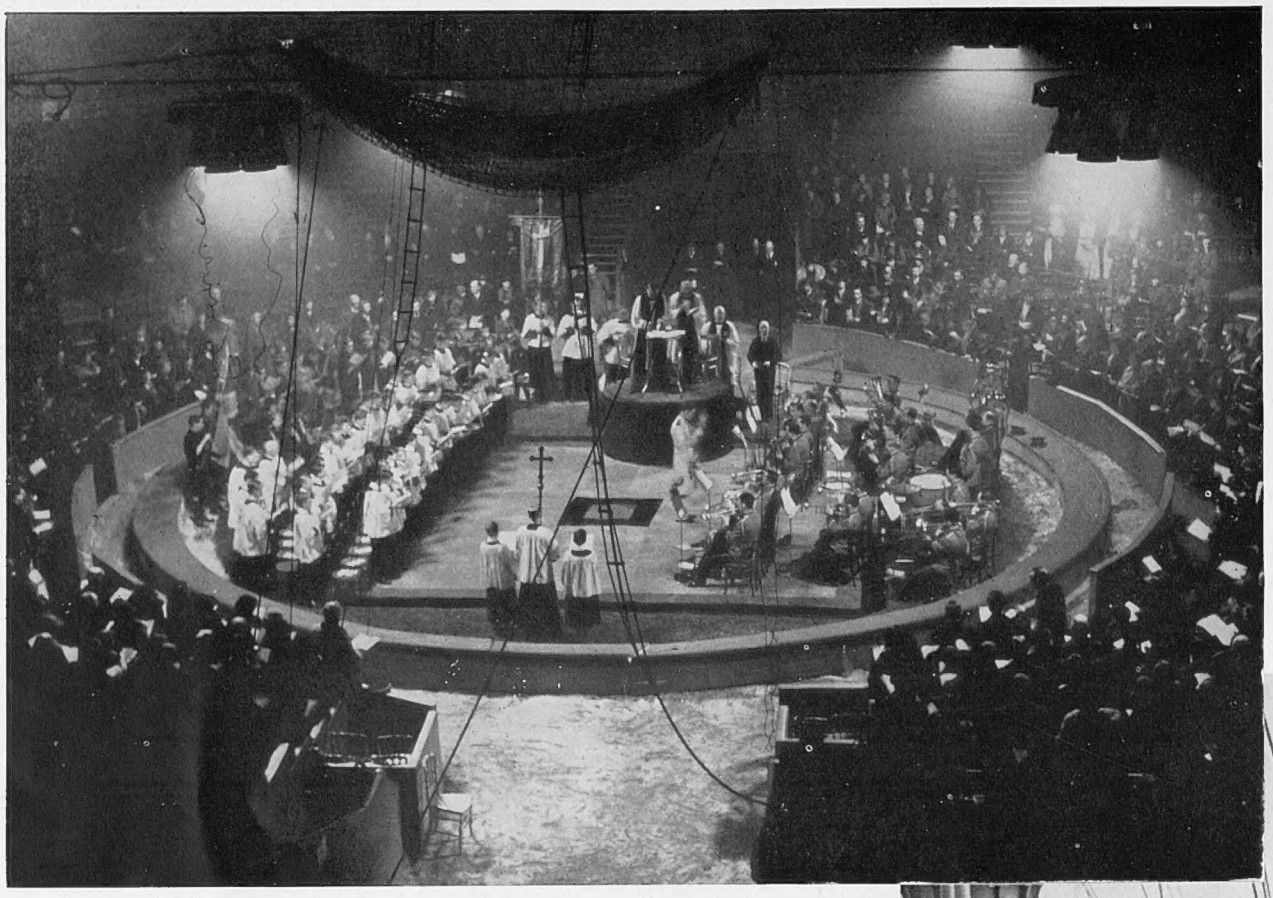
London, January 18, 1936

Scotland's Winter Grandeur

A Torrent in Glen Noe, Argyllshire, with Snow-capped Ben Cruachan in the Distance

Scotland is, if possible, experiencing a winter as full of vagaries as that south of the border, and the severity of which has not been known for many a year. In the Western Highlands, where this picture was taken, the change in the aspect of the countryside has been particularly dramatic, rivers have been locked in an icy grip, for mile upon mile every rocky ledge has been adorned with giant icicles, the fir trees have been bowed down with their winter mantle, and the whole glittering scene has been one of incredible splendour only to be succeeded, with the coming of the thaw, by the no less spectacular descent of the floodwaters. This part of the country has for another reason been much in the news of late, as a firm of auctioneers has received instructions to offer for sale by private treaty nearly 50,000 acres of the vast estate owned by Lord Breadalbane

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



MATINS IN THE SAWDUST RING: A general view of the scene during last Sunday's service conducted at the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia by the Right Rev. Guy Vernon Smith, Bishop of Willesden. Interestingly enough, his Lordship was assisted in robing for the service by his former army batman, Mr. Gordon Stumcke, who is now a circus employee

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 15, 1936.

THE INEVITABLE REACTION.

—Looking back as a journalist over the past few years, I take an unexpected comfort from the fact that punctually each year after the first week of January, during which high hopes of better times have been seasonably expressed, we have fallen back into even deeper levels of the Slough of Despond. Let us remember then that each such past year has come through to another seasonable week of new optimism. Despite the crashes, we are still here, as one used to say in the great war. Moreover, I believe the weather (which is damnable) is a big factor in exaggerating the troubles of the world. Let us catalogue our present anxieties with courage and a sense of humour, and not allow ourselves to be unduly frightened or depressed. Our own hopes of a continuing industrial revival were dashed with the probability of a coal strike, which, though hopefully postponed, is still on the cards in February. We have taken important military precautions in North Africa, we are spending huge sums on armaments, without much prospect of any naval limitation agreement, and we are about to face the most critical period of all at Geneva, a period which may settle the fate of the League and put Europe once more back, in letter as well as spirit, to pre-war methods of diplomacy. In America, Mr. Roosevelt and his Recovery Plans are threatened with failure, and it is difficult to see what titanic efforts can place him again where he stood in a posture to stem the avalanche of debt which his policy has entailed. The economic dictator, who recently so soundly trounced the dictators of the policy of Force, has come perilously near to the abyss at the edge of which Mussolini stands to-day. Yet in the very encouraging trade figures there are not wanting signs that his gigantic scheme is succeeding. The position of Mussolini and consequently of Italy is grave in the extreme, and the only consolation which Europe can draw is the bare fact that it looks as though Nature's sanction of water may render civilisation's sanction of oil unnecessary. The collapse of Italy, if it come, must be a prime disaster in the old world. France is faced with another period of insecure government and with political dilemmas so fearful as to render her as little dependable for a united front of sanity as America is likely to be. The silence of Germany is unlikely to last through the spring. The new King of Greece will clearly have to face fresh and inevitable divisions and there are troubles, and to spare, simmering in the Near and Far East.

SURSUM CORDA.

—In a word, the cauldron of civilisation is boiling, and the outlook at home and abroad looks very black. And it never stops raining, and blowing and flooding. . . . What cheer, then? It is a situation in which the average Briton usually shows himself at his best. These are conditions which in the late war made him sing and produce his raciest jokes. Our new young Foreign Secretary declared the other day that he had good hopes of the European diplomatic outlook. "We like his humour," we admire his courage, which is indeed good sense in a leader in a tight corner. And I suggest we imitate his "humour" and "be not much afraid, my friends." In one point surely we have allowed ourselves to fall into a rather shameful panic. I refer to Mussolini's war threats. One Foreign Minister's flesh crept unduly after a recital of these threats, and a fine career was temporarily checked. If the Italians, with oil to swim in, could make no progress against "naked savages," need we pay too much deference to the Duce's threats to conquer the civilised world? We have, perhaps, abandoned some of our dignity and sense of humour when caught up in an ugly rush of panic.

THE TOWNSEND PLAN.

—At least until just before the Supreme Court's recent blow at his New Deal, political prophets in the States expected Roosevelt to be re-elected President in November of this year, albeit by a very narrow majority. Both Republic and Democratic parties are alarmed at the tremendous hold which the Townsend plan has upon millions of Americans. These millions, it need not be said, are for the most part people rising sixty or over sixty. For Townsend's "simple plan" is that the State shall pay £40 a month to everyone over sixty on the one condition that he spends every penny of it in thirty days, and guarantees not to do any work for wages. A simple plan (all great ideas surprise by their simplicity), and to British minds a Gilbertian notion. Be that as it may, some writing is already on the wall. Michigan recently elected as Congressman Mr. Main, a successful lawyer. He wore the label of Republican, but without any organisation or support. He owed his nomination and election solely to the fact that he declared for the Townsend Plan. Neither of the great parties can declare for the Townsend Plan whole-hog in the November dog-fight, but it looks very much as if both will be compelled against their wills and judgments to promise vague concessions on the Townsend lines as a necessary counter in the party game. Party politics, the world over, are shockingly immoral. Why stop at £40 a month?—500 dollars is a much prettier figure than 200 dollars, and fifty is the age to enjoy the treat. It would grapple a few more million voters also.

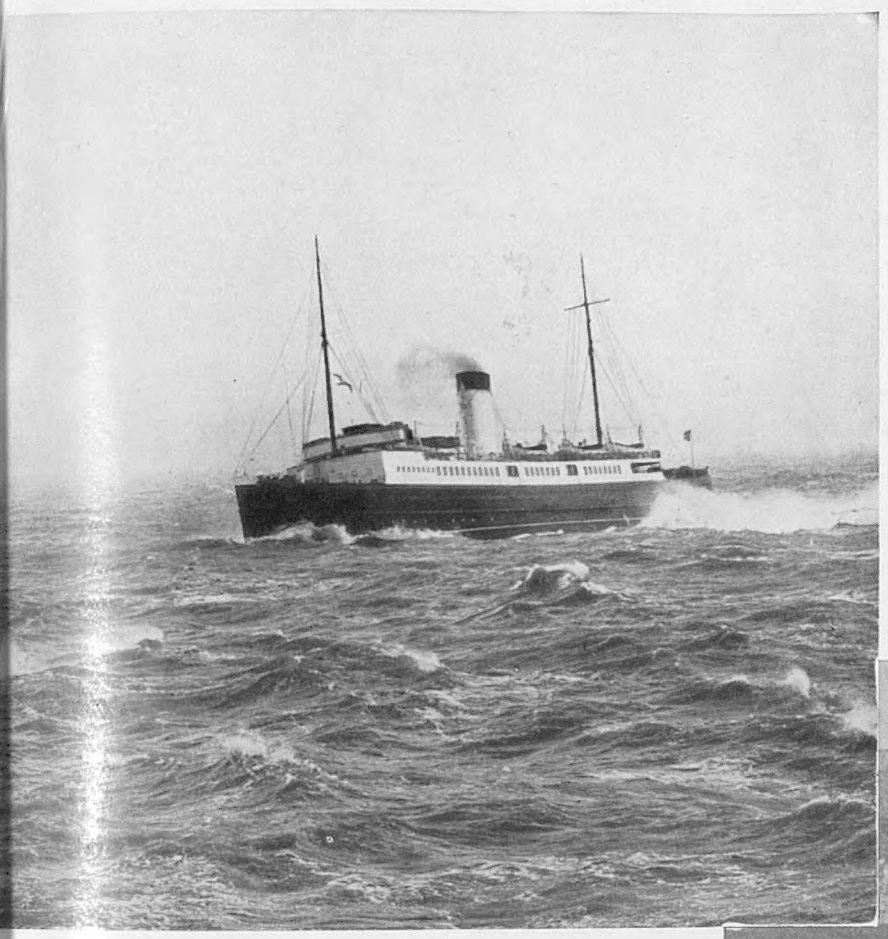
ROOSEVELT DISCOVERS EUROPE.

—The more one considers President Roosevelt's now famous New Year Message to the world, the more one's certainty grows that the "righteous indignation" with which he condemned the rottenness of the old world, the self-seeking aggression of dictators and the growing ill-will on the international horizon, was rather a special pleading to justify in American minds America's permanent neutrality in European quarrels than to measure in words the extent of his moral indignation. As the moral indignation of a Liberal-minded statesman, his trouncing of Dictators, severe as it was, was an utterance too trite for an intelligent man to make seriously. Neither Roosevelt nor America has suddenly woken up to find the old world rotten. It has been rotten since America was born. Mr. Wolff's *The Eve of 1914* is presumably well read in America. His picture of Europe in the period 1910–14 reveals much the same conditions as to-day. The dictators of 1910-14 wore crowns; the spiel-man in every country of Europe held one or other of the high offices of State (the foreign secretaryship, the headship of Army or Navy, the Chancellorship, or what not). He was no less mad, no less mischievous, no less dangerous, no less whole-hoggedly national, and only a little less powerful than the chief dictators of to-day. Then, as now, and for decades earlier, these knights and kings played their dangerous and delightful games on the chequer-book of Europe with their enslaved and inarticulate peoples as pawns to be sacrificed to their slips or false moves. And the situation is the same to-day, though kings have been discrowned or shorn of power. Other tyrants took their places and some of them have brought even worse equipment to their tasks. At least the older type of European statesmen had inherited some of the traditions of the past and knew how to read (if read they would) the history of their race and of Europe. Only, to-day there is one change which Mr. Roosevelt, if he had dipped into the History of Europe, must have recognized. One or two countries in Europe at least have suffered a change of heart and have sacrificed national interests in the great ideal and the vital needs of peace.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

—Britain at least is playing a nobler part and cried out to the other great English-speaking country to forget self and to play also a bigger, nobler part in a world which grows relentlessly smaller and approaches yearly nearer to the shores of America. The average Englishman, contemplating the savagery of Europe, the growls of the wild beasts in the bear-pit, cannot at first sight but sympathise with Americans in their determination not to mix with such a rabble, not to be drawn into bear-fights so disreputable. But a moment's reflection shows that that determination

voiced by Roosevelt on behalf of Americans, is not one which farsighted Americans can endorse. They cannot choose but intervene, for their safety as well as for their honour. Honour demands that they should distinguish the aggressor from the victim and bring the aggressor to his knees without nice commercial calculations. Honour and self-interest insist that America must play her part in saving and strengthening the League which is the safety not of Europe but of civilisation. And assuredly self-interest demands that now of all times America should recognise the part which her "old country," Britain, has played in the past two decades and take her stand beside her as the basis of a League of Sane Nations and back up her policy—for it is the policy at least of the British *people*—of tightening the screw effectively on aggression in Europe. If Britain and America had stood shoulder to shoulder since 1919 in the European field who doubts that the history of Europe would have been less black and the industrial condition of America less grave? Civilization to-day has no backyards; the party walls are all down. The world's new suburb has communal gardens. That, at least, is a theory which a reasonable man may hold. How has Mr. Roosevelt responded? He has given an oblique undertaking that, if the League Powers deal with aggressors as they should be dealt with, America will at least not "queer the pitch" of those Powers. If the domestic difficulties with which America was grappling before that smashing blow at Roosevelt's New Deal made its realisation but a distant ideal, how much further has Europe receded from the political map of America since that blow? The vital issue of saving from collapse the New Deal, by which Roosevelt stands or falls, must crowd out every consideration of external problems until the day comes for America to return him or take back from him his ticket.



BATTLING HER WAY INTO PORT: The French cross-Channel steamer, *Côte d'Argent*, making for Dover Harbour during last week's great gale when, on some parts of the coast, the wind reached a velocity of about a hundred m.p.h., tremendous waves sweeping over esolanades and sea-walls. Passengers on the night service between Folkestone and Boulogne experienced quite their worst crossing this winter

MAX ON LONDON.—

Max Beerbohm satisfied my expectations when he broadcast his opinion of modern London recently. No ardent modernist can complain that Max is a partial judge, a die-hard, or a prejudiced witness. Before he left London for Rapallo in 1910, he was a dyed-in-the-wool Londoner. None who re-reads (as I constantly do) his early essays, can doubt that he adored London in the Edwardian Age. Even when he castigated the Strand ("unloveliest channel in London") he wrote as a lover, while his picture of the fashionable Londoner going out to dine in his hansom (in "Going back to school") is an idyll of smug ease and contentment in the capital of luxury and intellect. He returned to London as one of her oldest and warmest admirers—and what did he find? HELL. A wit is terse. Hell; a bright and healthy hell, of course; a city mechanised, standardised, and vulgarised so completely that his pride in showing it off is changed to wholesome humility. Clearly, it is the standardisation that sticks most painfully in his throat. What Max in Edwardian days loved most about London was its lack of logic and its infinite and incurable variety. He loved her (London was *she* then) great palaces and her squares, each entirely distinct and each individual. He loved her crooked ways (I speak literally of her thoroughfares, not of her morals), her bags-ends, her connecting lanes, her dinginess and gas-lamps; he loved the homes which beaconed their individuality behind the lamp-lit blinds in the residential centres; he loved the odd characters and the old traditions and institutions which survived from the vanishing age of privilege when London was truly great. In those distant days—which stretched from 1800 to the end of the Edwardian age—everything in London proclaimed *character*—palaces, squares, streets, theatres, cabbies, vehicles, 'bus-drivers, clubmen, and club-servants. Now he returns to find the scene changed beyond recognition. It is a city standardised, of appallingly bleak yet garish tenements, peopled with serious, nervous-looking, earnest individuals, searching for work in horn-rimmed spectacles and burberrys—all standardised. A city of improper looking workhouses peopled by sad-faced robots, hurrying to a rendezvous with death at the cross-roads. A gloomy picture, in truth. In a word, hell. A gloomy, but (by comparison with the Edwardian age) not an exaggerated picture in the inimitable manner of our greatest caricaturist. What is so odd in my view is that Londoners are so smugly satisfied with the hell they have created.

EVEREST—A CLEAR ISSUE.

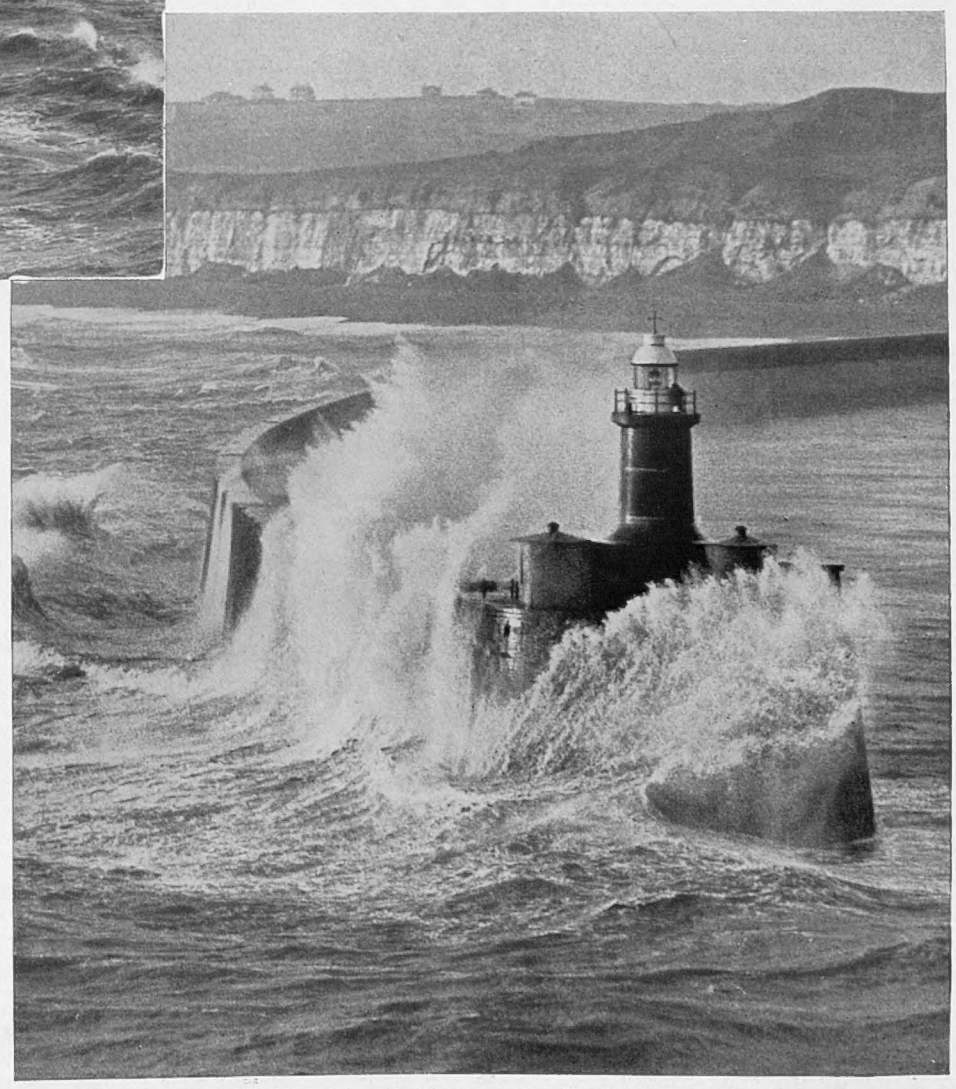
—Here at least is "a clear hearth and the rigour of the game." Here is a clear issue, win or lose, with no cross-currents, no intrigues, no doubts about success, if won. The coming Everest Expedition lets a breath of fresh air into the stale and fœtid atmosphere of the world. Mr. Ruttledge, still leader of the attackers of Everest, is more hopeful than ever. We know that his advance party last year brought back valuable data and achieved incredible climbing records in the course of their survey. In this fifth attempt the wealth of experience gained has all been assimilated and the team of twelve tried men know the conditions up to 1,200 ft. of the summit. The crux has always been the highest camp. Human effort has hitherto failed to place it within 1,500 ft. of the top. Fifteen hours is the most that can be spared to the three key-men who from the last perilous and dreadful bivouac must do the business. Fifteen hours with weather luck may just suffice to cover and return over 1,200 ft. of that frightful last stage. So, with the last ounce of energy from supermen among porters, a seventh camp is to be pushed 400 ft. higher than the sixth and final camp of 1933 which stood at 27,400 ft. If Ruttledge's men win to 29,000 ft. and to the top, it will be by the luck of the weather as much as by the supreme endurance, pluck and wisdom of man.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

—The firm of Vickers-Armstrong have of late had a taste of facing a heavy bombardment—a form of poetic justice which many earnest idealists have appreciated. Its protagonists for many hours stood up before the Arms Inquiry Commission, to be shot at by men and women who had unearthed any number of telling proofs or "damning utterances" culled from the firm's commercial correspondence in past years. The chink in the armour of an armament firm under the searchlight is obviously the fact that it must conserve distinct "loyalties"—among them the claims of its shareholders and the claims of humanity in so far as the conditions of the age admit. What emerges as certain after the Vickers investigation is: That on armament business alone Vickers would not have survived as a going concern for a month in its long career. Its victories of peace are as renowned as and more lucrative than those of war. Piquancy was added to the inquisition by the fact that no two men in England ever stood in the witness-box with characters that stood higher for humanity, probity, or possessed of greater ability, patriotism, and sound sense than Sir Herbert Lawrence, Haig's chief-of-staff, and Sir Charles Craven, who, as Commander Craven, years ago by his wonderful influence over the employees of the firm, gave proof that he was destined to rise to the top of his profession.

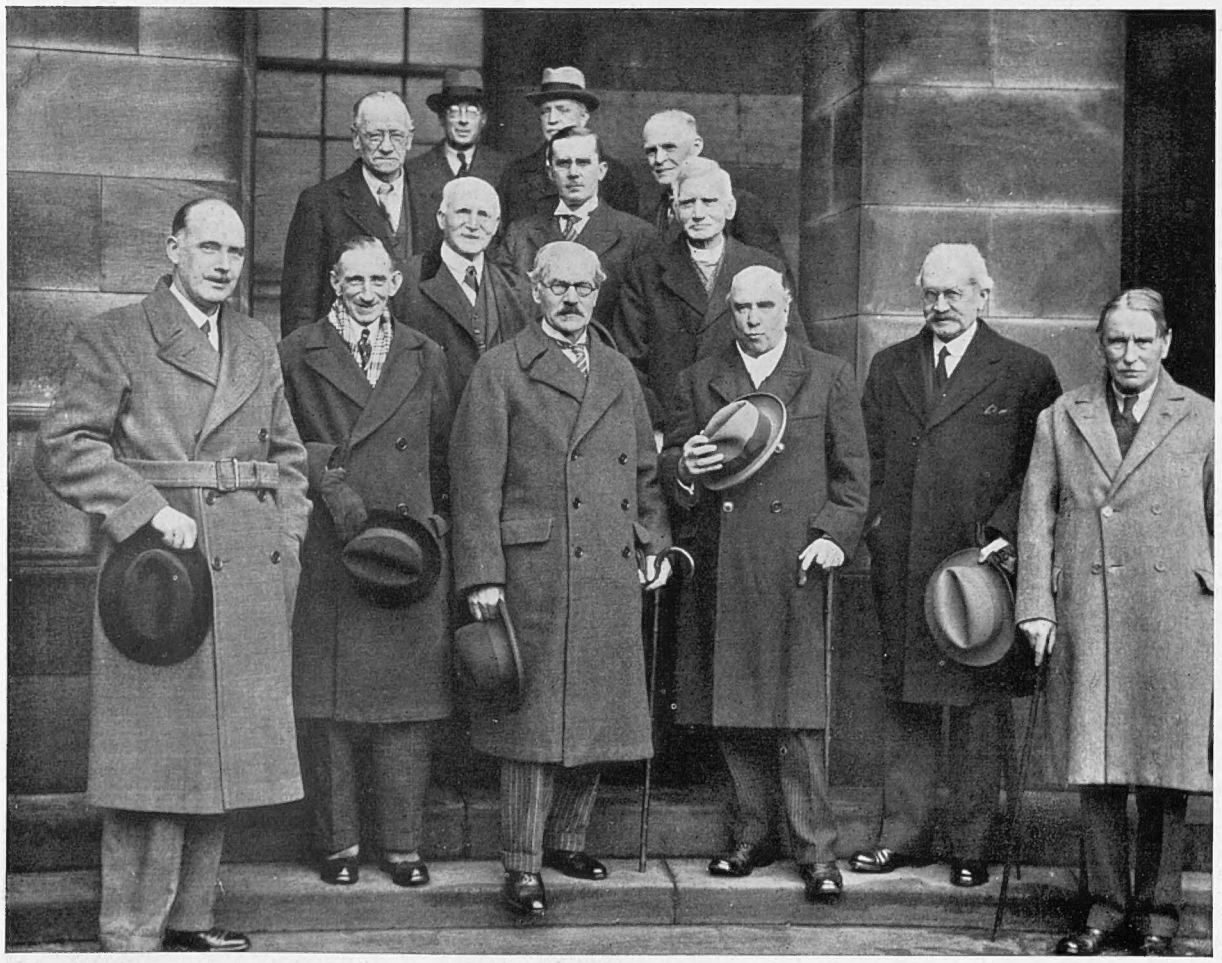
ROE-BUCK.—Shooting the other day in West Sussex the beaters put out of the coverts no fewer than seventeen roe in a short day's sport. They are the most graceful creatures in this country's fauna and their movements added enormously to the pleasure of the day. Hunting men of course proscribe them because they interfere seriously with hunting, and gardeners and agriculturists suffer a good deal of damage from their depredations. None-the-less, it is my practice to look the other way if a roe-buck breaks cover within shot of me. They are a charming proof that Pan has not left England yet for ever, and on the commons of Sussex, Hants and Surrey they do little harm and add immensely to the pleasure of a walk. They were of course very common over Southern England once but died out about the middle of the seventeenth century. Towards the end of it, they were reintroduced into Wolmer Forest and struggled on in limited numbers until to-day when, after two or three favourable summers, they have clearly multiplied exceedingly.

THE OLD STAGER



THE FURY OF THE STORM: Waves lashing over the Newhaven Harbour Lighthouse; another point on the South Coast where the gale almost reached hurricane force. In North Wales conditions were equally bad, and the Menai Suspension Bridge, the only link for road traffic between Anglesey and the mainland, was for a time in serious danger of collapse, while at Plymouth, the U.S. liner *Manhattan* was delayed for nearly seven hours trying to land passengers

HAMPSHIRE INUNDATED: A car negotiating the flooded Andover–Romsey Road, just outside Romsey; one of many highways rendered almost impassable after the great storm on Thursday of last week, when the automobile organisations had to issue warning notices regarding conditions in at least seven counties. The floods are at their worst in Kent, where the Medway has for some time past been far above its normal winter level and has seriously dislocated road communications



THE EX-PREMIER AND HIS SUPPORTERS: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seen after his nomination at Edinburgh as National Government candidate in the Scottish Universities by-election caused by the death of Mr. A. Noel Skelton, Under-Secretary of State for Scotland. He is opposed only by Professor A. D. Gibb (Scottish Nationalist), and Mr. D. Cleghorn Thomson (Labour), Mr. James Bridie and other prospective candidates having withdrawn. Included in this group are Professor Graham Kerr, M.P., Sir Alexander Grant, Professor Jehu, Professor Henerson, Mr. Barber Fleming, Mr. T. M. Cooper, and Professor Grerson

POLITICAL CONTROVERSY: Mr. Randol Ch
by the local Unionist Association as C se
and Cromarty by-election has caused a fir cla
Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the nominee of t Na
Government. Mr. Baldwin has given his s por

STUMPING THE CONSTITUENCY: Mr. Malco Mac
State for the Dominions, pictured with grou
of his election campaign. In the rec Gen
membered, he suffered a narrow defeat Bass
was retained as a member of the Cab and

SEVEN DAYS OF HISTORY :

More Floods in London and the Provinces : The Scottish By-elections, and Other Matters

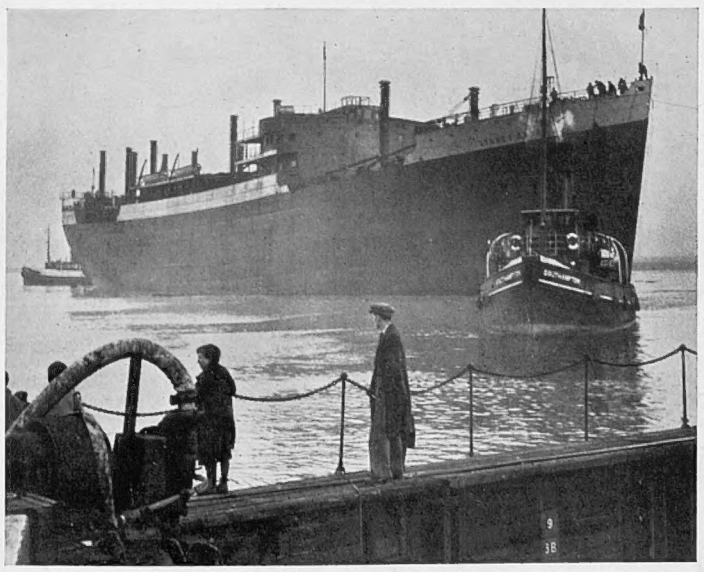
THE SEVERN CREATES HAVOC IN THE MONMOUTHSHIRE LOWLANDS: Fields inundated to a depth of several feet after the river had broken through the protective wall at Goldcliffe. In Newport, where the tide rose 50 ft., houses were rendered uninhabitable, while farther upstream at Lydney, Gloucestershire, some hundreds of sheep were drowned

Churchill (*centre*), whose adoption servative candidate in the Ross class sensation, as he now opposes National Liberals and the National port to the Dominions Secretary

HIGH TIDE ON THE EMBANKMENT: An impression of last Saturday's Thames floods which were 3 ft. above road level and are believed to have reached the highest point in London since January 8, 1928, when several people lost their lives at Millbank. Fortunately this time the water quickly receded at this point without doing any damage

LABOUR TROUBLE IN THE MIDLANDS: One of the drivers who have taken the place of the regular busmen during the Northamptonshire bus strike, and who have had to use netting to protect themselves from stones thrown by strikers. Several of the voluntary workers have been pulled from their driving seats

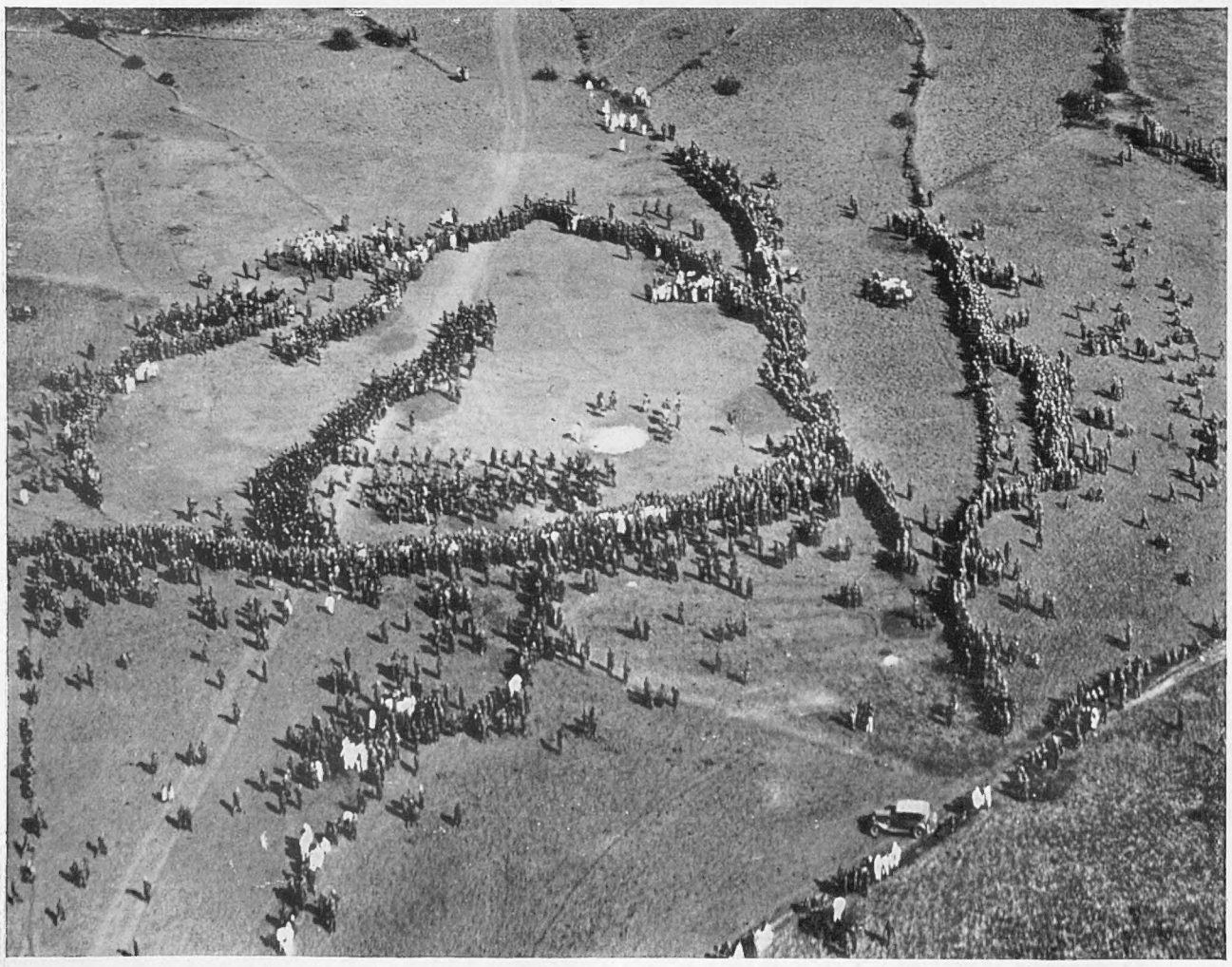
MacDonald (*centre*), Secretary of group of Ross farmers at the start General Election, it will be re- Bassetlaw, but in spite of this and given a more important post



ANOTHER NEW BLUE STAR LINER: *Sydney Star* in charge of tugs after being launched from Harland & Wolff's Belfast yard. *On right.*—Lock-keeper Harry Tame (pictured here with his wife) who has just retired after nearly 40 years' service with the Thames Conservancy Board, during which time he has rescued between 40 and 50 people from drowning

ETHIOPIA FROM THE CLOUDS: A New Series of Aerial Pictures from the Black Empi

IN THE HEART OF THE NORTHERN THEATRE OF WAR: An aerial view of the city of Makale, capital of Tigré, which the Italians entered without resistance in the early days of November, and where they immediately established a strong garrison. The fort, seen in the centre of the picture surrounded by two circular walls, is known as Enda Jesus, and it was here that Ras Gugsa, the rebel chief, once again took up his headquarters on his appointment as Governor of the Province by Marshal de Bono. It was here also that forty years ago a party of Italians was forced to surrender by Emperor Menelek, the victor of Adowa

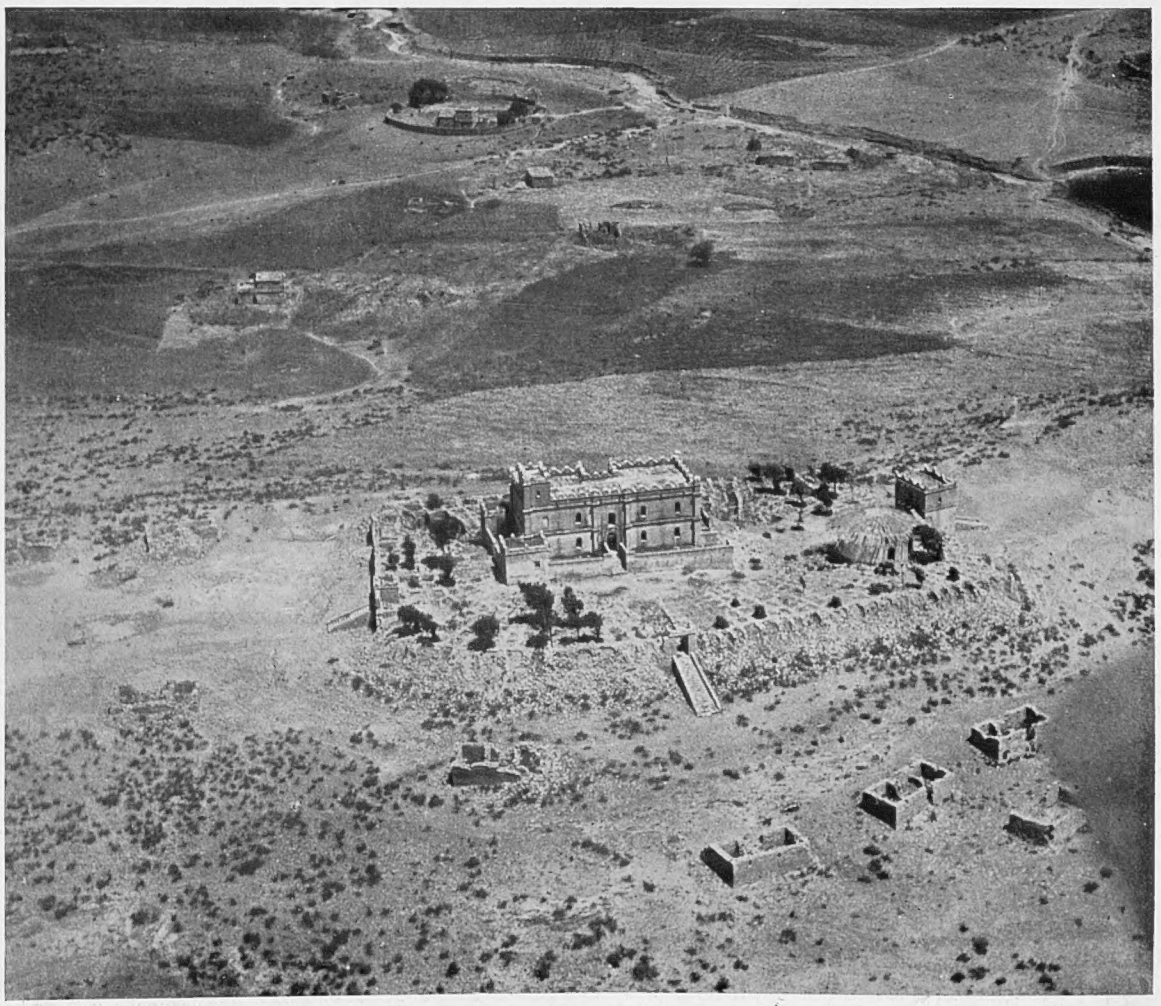


ON THE ADIGRAT—MAKALE ROAD: Askaris pictured on a hillside during a stand-easy. These Italian native troops have up to now borne the brunt of the fighting in the northern area, and official figures published in Rome a few days ago reveal that over 470 of them have been killed during the first three months of the campaign. No mention is made, however, of the number of wounded

LIKE HUMAN ANTS: Members of ... landscape, viewed from above ... Tembien region. It is here ...

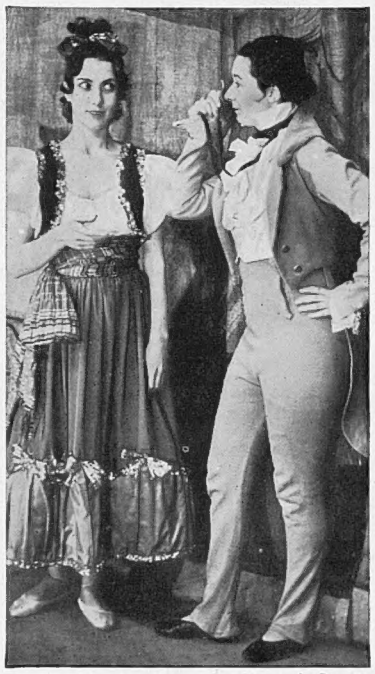
THE RAID ON DESSIE—THE EMPEROR'S TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS: Clouds of smoke rising from the town as the Italian machines dropped several tons of bombs and high-explosive aerial torpedoes, injuring twenty-five people and destroying several buildings, including a wing of the American Red Cross Hospital. The picture is of particular interest in that it gives a vivid impression of the forbidding nature of the surrounding country which provides a natural barrier to any infantry advance. It lies directly on the route to Addis Ababa

Seyoum's advance guard, discernible as dots on the they marched through cultivated country in the the Italians have been meeting with strong opposition



A ROYAL PALACE AND FORTRESS: A building erected in the last century by an Italian architect and probably occupied at one time by John, King of Tigré and Amhara, the predecessor of the great Menelek II. The place is surrounded by a strong wall and before it are several blockhouses. During times of civil war it proved of the greatest value as a stronghold

HOW DO I LOOK? Two charmingly dressed youngsters arriving for a dancing display which was given a few days ago at Teddington



A. Console

DRESS AND THE THEATRE: Members of the Stage and Concert School as they appeared in their display of *Stage Costume Through the Ages*, which they recently presented at the Webber Douglas Theatre, Gloucester Road. Another feature of the programme was a Chinese tragical pantomime

IN TOWN THIS WEEK: Miss Lillian Ellis, daughter of Copenhagen's chief city engineer, who is paying her first visit to London. She has already earned a considerable reputation as a "Viennese dancer," having appeared on the stage and in films in Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and Hollywood

INDIA—THE UNWATCHED

A Year of Dramatic Change and the Attitude Towards it of "The un-Imperial Englishman in the Street"

LOOKING back on the year that is past, nothing is more remarkable than the kaleidoscope of its Imperial politics; nothing more striking than the way in which major events have passed and, with their passing, have altered the traditional Imperial balance; nothing, at first sight, more depressing than the realisation that those changes have gone all but unremarked by that muddled maker or unmaker of maps, that very un-Imperial Englishman in the Street.

A year ago, we had already forgotten Zaghlul and his student jacquerie who—our Socialists abetting and, finally, with the eviction of Lord Lloyd, confirming—had forced on us an apparently lasting acquiescence in Egypt's independence. A year ago, the attempt to make our rule in Malta impossible had been a thing of so little public moment that it, and its deep implications, had passed almost unnoticed. A year ago, nothing but a fraction of our nation—such fraction of it as both remembers and foresees—had raised its voice in protest against the final abandonment of our Indian Empire and, a bare three months later, even that fraction had been stilled to silence.

A little more than a year ago, Gandhi had been not only a centre for our acute anxieties, but a figure of international reputation. He appeared in American papers under a halo; Rome was seriously discussing the possibility of dovetailing his teachings on to the precepts of the Vatican; small plaster figurines of the cross-legged saint in rubber-tyred spectacles and questionable loin-wear were sold on the Paris boulevards. To all appearances, he was holding our Empire, and—what seemed almost more important—the British peace of mind, to ransom. A bare year ago, and we had taken him, and the Powers who for their own sordid purposes used him, at his own valuation; and, as with the smaller scale of Egypt, had apparently traded the independence of 350,000,000 people for a promise of our own tranquillity.

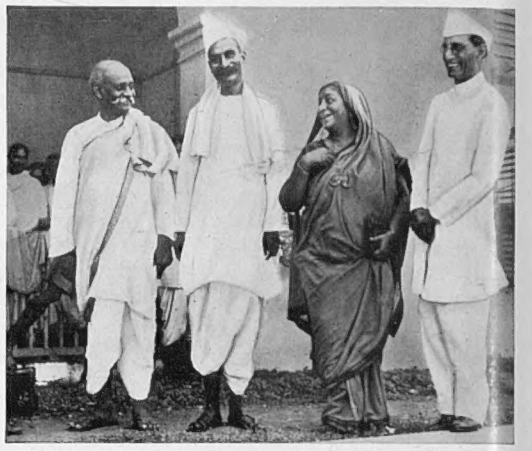
And now, mark the sequel.

The full appearance of power and responsibility having passed over to the Indian agitator, the East relapses into its age-long sleep. Gandhi, the saint, martyr, and national hero, has been bowed into retirement. His usefulness at an end, his masters the Brahmins find, in his teachings, the uplift of the depressed classes on whose continued subjection all Hinduism is based, and have excommunicated him. Except as a fraudulent example of synthetised saint-hood leading a mythical popular clamour for freedom he might never have existed. The native-enlisted supplanters of our white Civil Service in India, far from administering the land on new methods which they claim to be more in keeping with the mentality of their charges, have been only too glad to relapse into somnolence and leave the lion's share of the work to the white men who remain. Vindictive import dues have not succeeded in choking trade, which, as always happens, after violent oscillations and many prophecies of disaster, has settled into a stride based on the fixed economic make-up of the immense buying masses, and the prosperity of present British-Indian commerce is indistinguishable from that of former years. There has, indeed, been a steady infiltration of native shareholders and directors into what before were exclusively "white" trading firms, but here, again, natural forces have exerted a pressure greater than any tendency towards change—the native influence sinks, the white stays put. For the *vis inertiae* of the white character is, in the end, unassailable by spasmodic interference on the part of natives.

Native princes have ceased to worry about the morrow, and are well content to let the mischievous interference in their affairs by Indian politicians lapse by slow degrees into its present lethargy. Town and rural autonomous councils, making hay of the public finances entrusted to them, throw their hand in and wait for Government to send somebody along to straighten out the tangle. King's commissions in the army, so long and loudly clamoured for, are left to rot by the wayside.

By and large, the plain fact stands forth. India will never face the logical conclusion that there is no privilege without pressure of a commensurate burden. Prerogative, and inertia—one cannot have it both ways. And, at the last, the white man—he of the broad shoulders and patient courage to work—presently comes along, disentangles the mess, picks up the bits, and resumes his age-old task. For he, alone of them all, has proved that only the bond are free, and that no slave exists more abject than the masterless man.

Now, no man knows the Englishman as does Kipling; none who has got nearer a definition of the indefinable, more nearly unravelled an apparent puzzle of contradictions. And he it is who tells us that the Englishman is "like a built-up gun-barrel—all one temper though moulded of many different materials—and he has strong powers of resistance. Roman, Dane, Norman, Papist, Cromwellian, Stuart, Hanoverian, Upper Class, Middle Class Democracy—each in turn through a thousand years experimented on him and tried to make him to their own liking. He met them each in turn with a large silent toleration, which each in turn mistook for native stupidity. He gave them each in turn a fair trial, and when he had finished with them an equally fair dismissal." For he will try anything, once. But if that thing carries in itself the seeds of its own undoing; if it contradicts that ultimate law of Nature that nothing persists unless it has guts to keep itself, by sheer effort and self-denial, physically, mentally, and morally in hard condition—then his is the genius to sit back, keep silent, and let the worthless thing slip slowly downwards to a standstill.



ALL SMILES: Sardar Vallabhai Patel, Babu Rajendra Prasad (the present Congress President), Mrs. Sarojini Naidu (the poetess and politician), and K. F. Nariman (Mayor of Bombay) pictured together at the Goculdas Tejpal Pathasala in Bombay during the recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Indian National Congress, now the Congress Party

And so he was right after all, as right as he always has been—that very un-Imperial minded autocrat, that maker and un-maker of governments and destinies, that Englishman in the Street. For to his rooted good sense, to that obstinate unimpressionableness which so irritates—while it impresses—his Continental brother, are we indebted for the placid way, the even keel, the absence of excitement under any provocation which, to the East above all, spells the tower with which there is no arguing and against which there is no appeal.

Latin, Mediterranean, mid-Eastern and Oriental, they know the voice raised in the market place; the surge of crowds, the rattle of rifle-fire and the collected aftermath of the pitiful dead bodies whose only living offence was identity with an excitable and unreliable nationality. To each, concede the apearance of power, and leave the reality to find its own level. For the cry in the market place presently grows hoarse, and the crier goes home to tea; while he who has held his peace through it all sighs, and turns once more to the age-old task of governing.

And all's well,

"Mauser"

India of the Leisurely Ways

AN OLD-FASHIONED COTTON PRESS: An ancient wooden screw apparatus still in use at Ujjain in the domains of the Maharaja of Gwalior, and, strangely enough, very similar in appearance to presses employed by the people of the Libyan desert, North Africa. In the background is the ginnery building, where the crop is separated from the seeds—a process that, in the more remote districts, is even now carried out by hand in spite of its extreme slowness

FOOD FOR THE HERD

Elephants of the Maharaja of Gwalior's vast herd transporting a load of hay on one of his farms

b

THE FÊTE OF ST. CYRIL AT SOFIA

THE CHILDREN CELEBRATE: Girls and boys of Sofia, dressed in their picturesque and elaborate national costumes, attending the open-air festivities which are held annually in the Square of St. Alexandre Nevski in memory of St. Cyril, the great evangelist, who was sent in the ninth century by the Greek Emperor Michael III to combat Jewish and Muslim influence among the Khazars and afterwards to convert the Slavs. It was while labouring among the latter race that Cyril, assisted by his brother, Methodius, was reputed to have invented the modified (Cyrillic) form of the Greek alphabet, which largely superseded the ancient Slavonic characters, and into which he translated the gospels and liturgy

A Red-Letter Day in the Bulgarian Capital

On right—MARCH PAST: Another impression of the gorgeous array of dresses to be seen in the streets of Sofia on this great festival day

MIDGETS OF THE AIR

'Planes for the Private Flyer and Other Matters

A LIGHTWEIGHT: The pilot lifting a section of the wing to enable him to leave the cockpit of the new midget machine which was tried out at Heston a few days ago. It has side-by-side accommodation for two people and is claimed to be an ideal 'plane for the private flyer, being inexpensive to purchase and very economical to run

GERMANY'S LATEST: The "BU 133 Jungmeister"—a new single-seater model of biplane type produced by an aeroplane factory in Berlin and designed chiefly for use in flying schools and for private ownership. The six-cylinder motor allows a cruising speed of 120 m.p.h.

"TERRITORIALS" OF THE AIR: The County of Middlesex (No. 604) Squadron—the personnel of which is largely made up of city business men—is the first of the auxiliary squadrons to be equipped with fighters, and three of their Hawker "Demons" are shown here over the tail of another 'plane of the same type. This picture is also remarkable for its cloud effects, the sunlit massif in the distance contrasting boldly with the sombre floor of cloud beneath

AFTER MUSSOLINI?

What Might Happen in the Event of the Breakdown of the Ethiopian Campaign

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TREMENDOUS adventures such as that upon which the Duce has embarked with a combination of self-confidence, decision, and will surely never excelled in history, have a habit of conducting to personal endings. Maybe it is triumph, maybe it is very much the contrary. Whatever it turns out to be, the solution is seldom a petering-out affair, leaving the great man even approximately where he was before.

The growing belief that Italy is making a mess of her Ethiopian campaign, in addition to lining up against herself most of the world save minority Fascist elements in one or two lands, is not surprisingly having the effect of causing an ever-wider international radius of people to wonder if . . . supposing Mussolini went? Not to-day, nor yet, perhaps, in the immediate to-morrow, but eventually? What would supervene?

It is a vast question because the chances are that if the Duce had to go he would not do so without attempting to shake down all kinds of columns, far and near; nevertheless, it is a question which one day may have to be faced.

Very little help is to be derived by discussing the matter with Italians or by reading their current publications. The answer from this whole quarter might be given as: "Look at Italy! The entire country emotionally in complete unison with the Duce! No matter what befall! Before Abyssinia there may have been 10 or 15 per cent. surreptitiously against him. Now there are none!"

Yet that kind of all-in protest of undying support is of course not good enough. The Italians have been led or hypnotised into such an astonishing general rashness, of word no less than of act, that quite unexpected things may happen; among them, the conceivable giving-out of patiences elsewhere. It is therefore neither premature nor rash on the part of others to examine closely this matter of a possible successorship to Mussolini, using such material for observation as may lie to hand.

Four things could apparently happen.

First.—Communism. It is true that in more than one country pleas have been heard that Mussolini should be allowed his head in Africa in order to ward off the peril of Bolshevism redescending upon Italy "as it did fifteen years ago until the Duce saved the country from red anarchy." This is a curious plea at the best of times—that a Dictator should be allowed to fracture every treaty in sight as the one way to keep his country from going Soviet. But we can let that pass and concentrate on this: that there never was a greater myth than the alleged terrible danger of Italy going Communist in 1920. The writer was sent to Turin when some of the workers took over the factories, but no blood flowed, and after a few anxious days the whole movement fizzled out. The Italians simply are not Communists—their history, psychology lie totally away from Russia. Here is what Signor Bonomi, the ex-Premier, has to say about that Red bogy.

"The fact that the attempted revolution was beaten without any infringement of liberty made the victory decisive and complete. This was the crowning moment of the Socialist agitation, the one great revolutionary experiment, simultaneous and concerted, that was tried in Italy. A movement suppressed by force and bloodshed leaves a legacy of hatred and revenge in social life for decades, but if it is allowed to spend itself unresisted it realises its own futility and is done with for ever. Such was the end of the virus of Bolshevism that had infected the working classes. From that moment the Socialist Party began to decline, and within two years it lay beaten at the feet of Fascism."

These Socialists at zenith numbered 2,000,000. The Communists and Socialists together numbered 156 in Parliament at this hectic moment, and soon after they split to pieces when an attempt at a general strike fizzled out as had the taking-over of the factories.

If the Italians were not built for Communism during the rudderless period of crisis on crisis that followed the war, how much less so can they be constructed that way to-day, after all these years of sternest moulding, a good deal under the transforming Corporations. Possibly these have never worked to anything like the extent that Fascists would have us believe; none the less they constitute the main change effected by the Duce, and in any revolutionary effervescence would obviously be much to the fore. This "economic system with a profound philosophical background" is a compromise between pure individualistic capitalism and State control. The Corporations ban all strikes, under the Labour Charter, and they are: Agriculture, Industry, Commerce, Internal Transport, Sea and Air, Banking and Commerce, Professional men and Artists.

A growing indictment of the Duce is couched as follows: "He first led on Youth by promising a new golden age under the Corporations. When these didn't come up to scratch he directed Youth's attention to the grasping, weak, and venal neighbour across the Alps (France), and on making terms with Laval last January, he had to find another incentive to Youth and so found it Africa. When Italian Youth sees that it has been sold three pups in succession it will rebel and then Mussolini will have to look out."

This is an extreme view but with

a deal of truth in it; notwithstanding, one does not see Italy turning Communist as the result of most distressful possible times to come. More likely would occur one or other of these three *dénouements*:

Second.—The Grand Fascist Council goes into action with a view to ruling the country. This is what all orthodox Fascists tell you will be the inevitable sequel to any vacancy at the Palazzo Venezia. In effect one reads: "The Grand Fascist Council is the supreme repository of power. The King appoints the Head of the Government from a panel presented by the Council, and he subsequently acts with regard to this Head on the advice of the Council, which also holds the matter of the Royal prerogative and Royal succession in its hands. The Council also chooses Corporation candidates, M.P.'s lists, endorses all treaties and legislation, and deals directly with the Pope. It is a patriotic oligarchy comprised of the three surviving quadrumviri—the Duce, Count de Vecchi, Marshal de Bono—the Ministers of State, the Presidents of the Senate and of the Corporations, the three most important under-secretaries, all ex-Ministers who since 1927 have served five years with the Government (this lets in Marshal Balbo and Signor Grandi), General Secretary Starace of the Party, the C.G.S. of the Militia, and the President of the Special Tribunals. The Council is the guardian of the power and tradition of the Fascist Revolution."

ITALY'S MAN OF MIGHT: Il Duce wielding a pick when starting the demolition of a house to make way for Rome's new Fascist Party headquarters

In fact there is not the slightest doubt that the Duce's plan and hope, in the event of anything happening to himself, is that this Council of about twenty-five chiefs would at once proceed to carry on in his stead, later electing one or even three from among its ranks as follow-on dictatorial timber. But would the country stand for the Council which has been 100 per cent. Mussolini all through? And in the event of a revulsion of feeling against the Council, what next in the way of alternative?

Third.—Rallying of the country round the King and a form of military dictatorship for the time being. There is much latent sympathy with His Majesty over the way he has been treated, and nowhere is this stronger than in the Army, of which he has remained the chief—almost the one position of honour that has been left him. The House of Savoy has never lost the great tradition it won in the unifying of Italy in 1860—it was not solely Cavour's work. Many Italians of thirty-five and over remember how happy was Italy under Victor Emmanuele, with few of the grim troubles of to-day. It is also an open secret that the King was against the Ethiopian campaign, and that to-day he is exerting every influence in other capitals to get Italy out of events in the least damaging manner. Yet is His Majesty not too much of the old regime? has he not taken too much of a philosophical back-seat to engender the necessary enthusiasm now? "The King reigns but does not govern." "Yes," say some, "but this monarch was too submissive even under another of dictatorial proclivities, Giolitti."

So that we come finally to this possibility—

Fourth—Abdication of the King and accession of the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, the new King to be the head of an army dictatorship until better times returned—on the same basis as was neighbouring King Alexander, though with a far greater popularity behind him. For the Prince is very much liked and known, especially in the north, and he and the Princess are only just turned thirty, that is, can also appeal to the eternal younger generation.

Of course, both King and Prince are currently standing firmly for their country; nor is it the intention here to resuscitate any of the extraordinary stories of trouble between Duce and Prince that are circulating on the Continent. But the point is that the Prince is a personage who could carry the Army, the educated classes, and perhaps no small number of faithful peasants with him. Certainly the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and the intellectuals would be for H.R.H. They have had their whack under Fascism and would welcome easier days.

It therefore seems to be indicated, at least in this quarter, that should anything happen to Mussolini, the Grand Council whatever its rights and prerogatives on paper might need to be both accommodating and agreeable with the Prince of Piedmont who looks to be the best bet, in the way of bringing happier times to Italy, should events be allowed to slide destructively further downhill as a result of that "combination of self-confidence, decision, and will surely never excelled in history."

FROM THREE CONTINENTS : *A Sphere Survey*

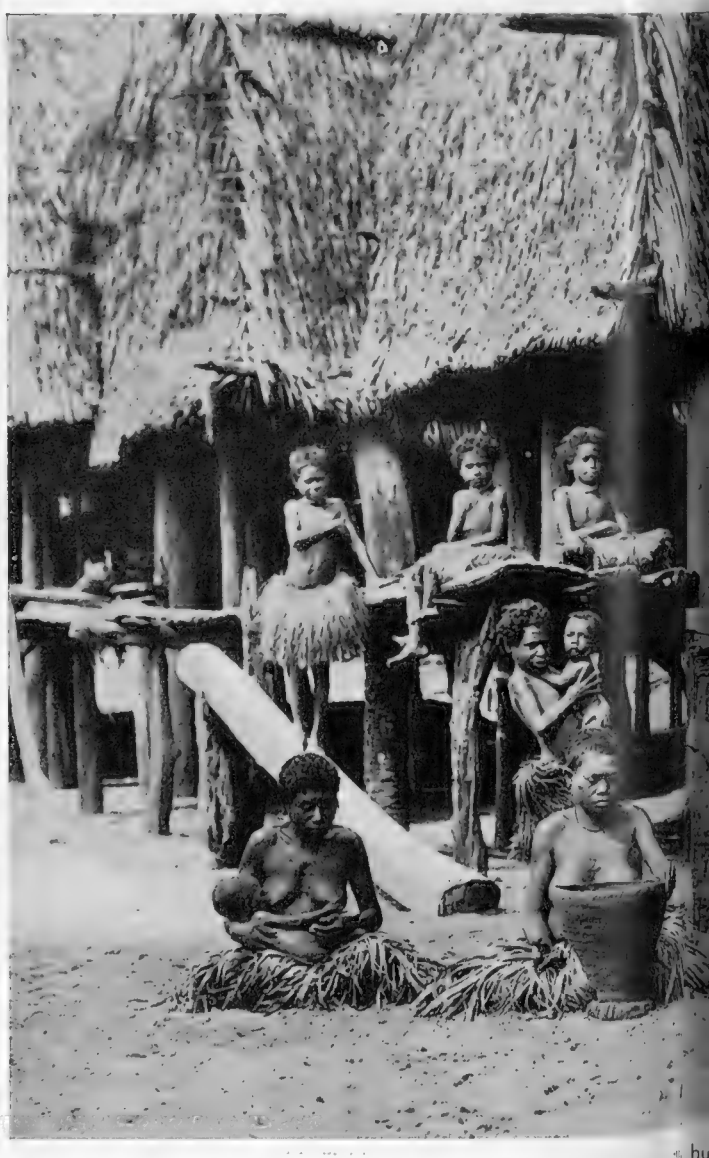
MASSAWA BUSIER THAN EVER: Bags of flour being unloaded from a Greek steamer (*above*), and tyres for transport lorries and other goods (*right*) piled on the quay at the chief port of Eritrea, where since the imposition of sanctions there has been even greater activity but slightly less congestion, thanks to a long-needed scheme of reorganization put into operation by the harbour authorities. Earlier in the campaign, it may be remembered, some vessels had to wait as much as five days or a week before being able to put their cargo ashore, and the storage space was taxed to the absolute limit

PARIS PREPARES: Arrangements are now well advanced for the great International Exhibition of 1937, and the chosen site is being cleared by the demolition of the famous Palais du Trocadero and the removal of many of the striking statues in the Trocadero Gardens. On the left and in the centre are Cain's bronze figures of a bull and a rhinoceros, and on the right is part of another group, all of which are being transferred elsewhere. At first even the Eiffel Tower was threatened, as it was felt that it did not harmonise with the general scheme, but it now appears that it is to be retained on account of the expense of removing it

MORE RACE RIOTS: The recent jubilee of the Indian National Congress—now the Congress party—naturally aroused a certain amount of enthusiasm in the cities, and, unfortunately, it led to a serious incident in the streets of North Calcutta when Muslims, ready to say their prayers at the end of the Ramadan Fast, were passed by a boisterous procession of Hindus on its way to a Congress celebration. The demonstrators were remonstrated with but would not desist from the noise, and soon fighting was begun with bamboo stakes torn out of a fence. *Left*—Some of the stakes used as weapons. *Above*—Removing one of the thirteen injured

BREAKING CAMP: Villagers assisting in packing the tents and equ ment of an exploring party which recently visited the Mailu distri a little-known part of south-eastern Papua (New Guinea) which inhabited by intensely primitive but on the whole friendly tribes

KNEADING CLAY FOR POTTERY MANUFACTURE: For centuries the people of Papua have been experts in this art, and this, together with their universal use of the bow and arrow, is among the characteristics that indicate their difference from the Polynesians

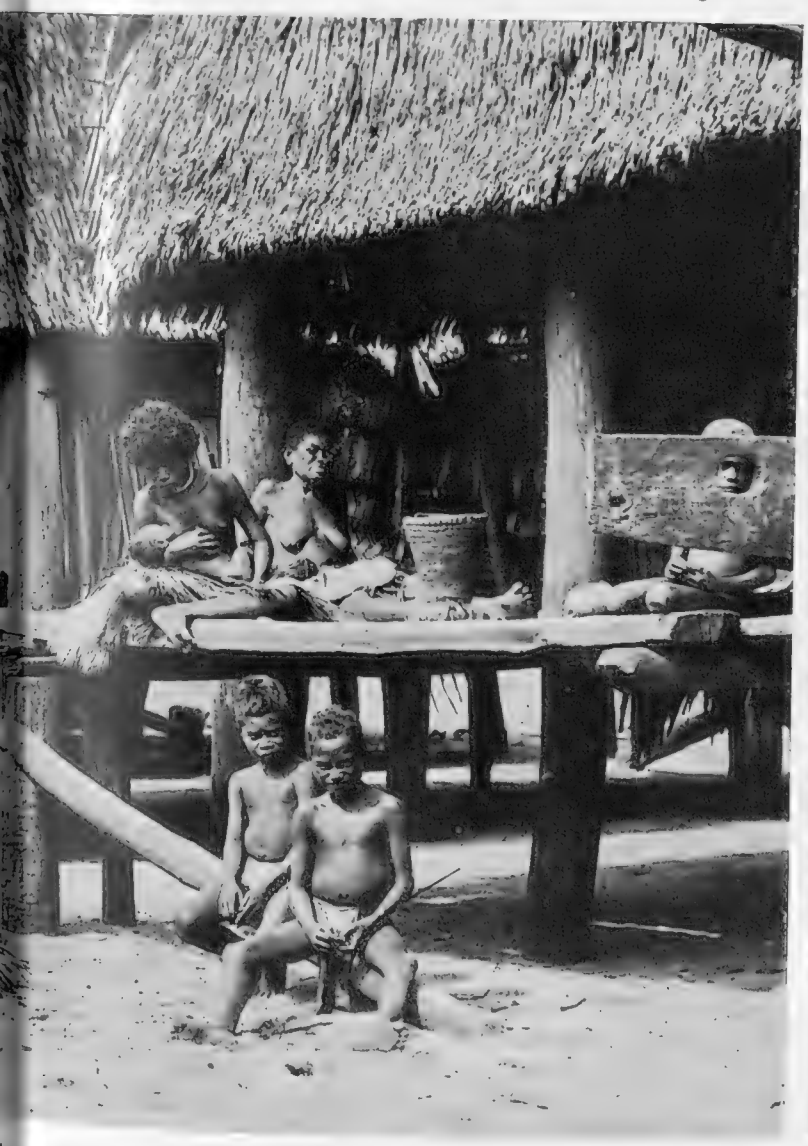


A DOMESTIC SCENE: Mothers and their children outside a vill hu before attaining their seventeenth year. There is a certain amount po expected, a man usually tak a

PRIMITIVE PAPUA

Native Life in the Little-known District of Mailu on the South-east Shores of the Island

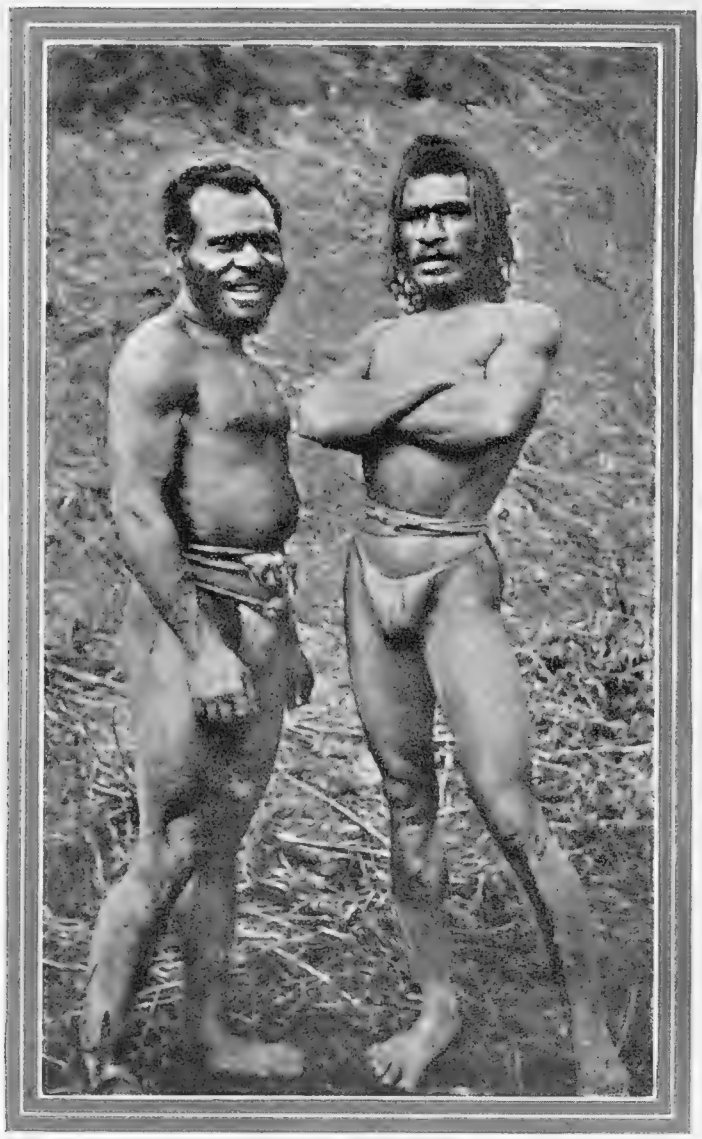
MERCHANT ADVENTURERS: A group of native women pushing out their boat when starting on a trading expedition to a neighbouring island, where they barter their pottery, basketware, and other products for goods which they do not make themselves. Note the elaborate and decorative grass skirts



hut. The girls reach maturity at a very early age and often have large families polygamy, but it does not appear to complicate relationships as much as might be a second wife only when his first proves childless

A HEADMAN OF THE BOGEA TRIBE AND HIS GRANDCHILD: He can hardly be called a chief as in Papua the villagers do not elect rulers but accept by common consent the authority of one of the oldest and most experienced members of the community

THE CANEWORKER: A girl producing an elaborate piece of basket work, an art that has descended from mother to daughter for generations. So richly endowed is the island with the necessities of life that they have ample leisure for such pursuits



STILL LIVING IN THE STONE AGE: Chief Leleamaia (*right*) and another member of the Amula tribe with whom Mr. Hides parleyed during one of his journeys through the Papuan hinterland

In the Mystery Mountains of New Guinea

Mr. J. G. Hides, an Assistant Magistrate, Describes His Remarkable Experiences in a Previously Unexplored Portion of the Island

In July of last year the Press reported the amazing journey made by Mr. J. G. Hides, who penetrated with his party the uncharted mountains of Eastern New Guinea and found, walled off from the world by 7,000 ft.-high limestone cliffs, an intensely cultivated valley with no villages, but well-built dwellings inhabited by the Tari Furara, a strange, light skinned race of short stature, possessing high cheek-bones, finely moulded features, and mops of fuzzy hair. Mr. Hides will tell of his adventures in this district in his second book, which is scheduled for publication in the spring, and meanwhile he describes in the accompanying article some of the primitive peoples whom he encountered near the Rentoul River and in the Waga Furari country.

SOUTH of the forbidding limestone barrier, which runs in one great curving line south-east from the Victor Emmanuel Range of Papua, is a large area of undulating forest-land, and that part of it drained by the Rentoul and Strickland Rivers is inhabited by nomadic clans, thinly scattered over swamp and forest. These people are Papua's forest children.

In parts I saw small areas felled with stone, but for the most part they appeared to live on the edible roots and leaves of the forest, on sago, wild figs, and bread-fruit, and by hunting and fishing. There is probably no part of Papua so full of game as this Rentoul–Strickland area, and it is this fact, I think, that accounts for these nomads and the manner in which they live. They build no proper dwellings, for they are all wanderers, and all the forest is their playground.

Early one morning as we paddled up the Rentoul, we came to a bamboo raft tied to the southern bank. We pulled in beside it, and with the object of examining the bank above, I stepped ashore with four police. A track was found at the top, with fresh footprints showing in the mud, and following it for a few minutes, we came within the sound of human voices and the thumps of sago-making. I wanted badly to make contact with these timid people, to show that we were just friendly wanderers. The police knew this, and Constable Dekadua whispered quickly to me. "We will catch them?" But I realised that should we fail to hold them successfully, without their attacking, I would make a mistake that could not be easily rectified.

I crept up to the edge of the sago, and keeping well under cover, looked upon a peaceful, yet savage scene. It was a scene that I probably will never see again.

Not thirty feet away were a number of women and young girls making sago; they were singing and talking, and occasionally giving tired sighs as they whipped the pith with canes. Three men stood nearby, apparently on guard, for they all held bows in their hands. I wanted to leave presents and go away, trusting them to understand the act. Then when I looked again, and saw how peaceful they all seemed, I wanted to be friends with them.

With one of the constables I stepped into the clearing, and holding up cloth and knife in my right hand, called to them in the friendliest tones I knew. The women saw me immediately; they stood amazed for a moment, then screamed and disappeared into the forest beyond the sago. But the men came forward with arrows fitted to their bows. Amazement, too, was on their faces. My hopes ran high; I stepped a pace nearer, holding out my left hand in an appealing gesture. It seemed certain they would come to me. But suddenly there was a crashing sound on my left, where one of my police had fallen into a sago bog; the spell was broken, and I quickly placed myself behind a tree to miss the arrows that were fired at us . . .

These nomads were always timid. They are alone in their forest; they know no one but their own clans and the animals they hunt, so it is not to be wondered at that they were afraid of such strange people as ourselves. Even when some of them overcame their fear of us, they would still keep their distance, preferring to watch us from the opposite bank of a river. One day we heard indescribable sounds coming from a bend of the river that we were approaching. It was like the croaking of a thousand frogs. And when we came closer we saw a number of these nomads melting away in the forest. Climbing up to the spot where they had been I saw the remains of a cannibalistic feast; skulls and broken human bones lay scattered around the dying ashes and hot stones of three fires to tell their own story.

Another day I came upon a shelter on a little hill above the Rentoul. Half-made bows and sharp implements of flint and bone, including two boar tusks, lay upon a piece of bark inside the dwelling. A few yams and wild cucumbers were also there, while attached to the eaves of the sago-leaf roof, were net bags and bark bundles. The shelter had been occupied only that morning, and I concluded the owner would return at any time. Nothing was disturbed, but before going, I left a large knife, a mirror and a piece of cloth tied to a crossed stick inside the shelter, and opposite the offering, another crossed stick, to which I tied some taro leaves and a blunted arrow. It was our gesture of peace and goodwill, an unwritten message conveying much and always understood.

* * *

Beyond the limestone barrier, and to the eastward of the first great valley system inhabited by the light-skinned people of the Tarifurora, there is a narrow pass between two 13,000-ft. mountains. It is grass and tree fern country, and by the track that led us up through a narrow gap at about 11,000 ft. we walked over edelweiss, buttercups, and Christmas bells flowering in the short grasses. On the other side of this pass we dropped gently to the eastward for two days, and at about 8,000 ft. on the third day, after travelling through a stretch of lichen forest, we came out on to a grass covered spur and found a glorious view unfolded before us.

A large valley system could be seen draining south-eastwards, with its scores of miles of grass land, its shining streams and pine clad river banks, its cultivations and nestling farms. We had passed through the "back door of the Purari" and were now on our homeward sweep S.E. and back to the

(*Continued on p. 106*)

PATROL OFFICER HIDES AND SOME OF HIS NATIVE POLICE: An illustration from Mr. Hides' first book, *Through Wildest Papua*, which has just been published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, Ltd. (8s. 6d. net), and gives a remarkable insight into the manners and customs of what is one of the most primitive races in the world. In describing the approach of his party to a village the author says: "While our search proceeded an A.C. reported that the people were gathering in the clearing below. I went outside, and looking down the cleared hillside through my glasses, saw a small figure standing very still, half concealed by the stump of a tree. We called to him repeatedly and also gesticulated in a friendly manner, but there was no response. I therefore went down the side of the hill and, standing on a stump in full view, called again to him. I was answered by some indescribable talk, which grew louder and louder, then I saw figures starting to dissolve from the stumps below me, and noticed men moving into the open from the edge of the clearing. One started to come to me, walking on and over the logs between us; he halted on a log about forty yards away, bow and arrow in one hand and a branch, held aloft, in the other. Not more than four feet six inches in height, he was light-skinned, and wore a little tuft of hair on the top of his head; a grass rami or sporran hung loose in front of him. Standing quite alone, he waved to us with the branch to go away. They were not 'at home.' We ignored this unfriendly gesture, and continued to call to him to come up; he, however, continued to tell us to clear out. Presently he was joined by another, and he, too, told us in unmistakable 'language' that our presence was undesired. This chap went along to one end of the log, and deftly placed an arrow in a tree, an action that spoke louder than words! Then he pranced back to his companion, much after the manner of a cockatoo dancing on the limbs of a tree."

HOME NEWS

The Wreck of the "Shorebreeze" — Recruiting Gunners

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: A policeman with the nameboard of the Lowestoft herring drifter *Shorebreeze* (42 tons), which has been discovered under the cliffs at the mouth of Milford Haven harbour and now definitely establishes the fate of the vessel which was involved in the recent gale off the Welsh coast. The ten members of the crew were all lost

PERILOUS DESCENT: A coastguard lowering a policeman down the cliffs near St. Ann's Head, where he discovered half the hull, the engines, and the nameboard of the wrecked Lowestoft drifter *Shorebreeze*. A relief fund has now been opened for the forty or more dependents of the crew

SITUATIONS VACANT: *On left*—Artillery recruits practising loading at Woolwich Barracks, and (*below*) receiving instruction from a sergeant. Not so long ago this branch of the service was extremely popular with candidates for enlistment, but it now appears that there is a great shortage of gunners and, in spite of recruiting propaganda, the deficit is beginning to assume serious proportions. In an effort to cope with the situation the minimum height standard has been reduced from 5 ft. 5 in. to 5 ft. 4 in., and the educational standard has also had to be lowered. It seems probable. states one expert, that the position will shortly right itself when young men realise that opportunities for the study of mechanics are just as good in the Artillery as they are in the at present more favoured Tank Corps

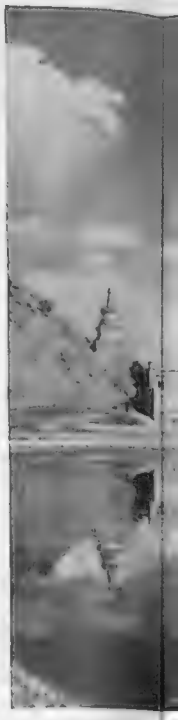
A. Console

JOUR

PRAYER TIME AT TRASHI-LUMPO: A gathering of Lamas in the courtyard of the famous monastery near the city of Shigatse, where the American expedition made a long stay. This religious house, which is accounted one of the best conducted in Tibet, is under the charge of the Trashi Lama, titular ruler of the former kingdom (now province) of Tsang and religious equal of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa. Ten years ago it was estimated that between 4,000 and 5,000 people were living there

On left—THE VAST D'ZONG FORT AT SHIGATSE: A building of great size which is arch tecturally comparable to the famous Potala that dominates Lhasa

Lhasa, although no longer quite the mystery city that once it was, is, none the less, still immensely difficult of access, scorning, and perhaps fearing, the influences of the occident. Mr. Cutting and Mr. Vernay, who obtained the accompanying pictures, report that it took them very nearly five years of negotiations before they finally received the Tibetan Government's written permission to start on their expedition. Throughout the country they encountered nothing but courtesy, and have brought back with them a rare collection of anthropological and botanical specimens



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RNEY TO LHASA AND SHIGATSE: An American Expedition Visits the Sacred Cities of Tibet

GUARDIAN HILLS: The Pargo Kaling, the main ...sa, a typical Tibetan chorten, the upper part of ...i copper and the remainder of weather-stained ...autiful tones of grey, ochre, eucalyptus-green, and ...ue taken on the expedition, led by Mr. Suydam ... Mr. Arthur S. Vernay, which recently went out ...behalf of the American Museum of Natural History

...": These men are employed, according to ...m, to hack to pieces the corpses of the dead ... them to the vultures and the stray dogs

...ORS: Mr. Arthur S. Vernay (*left*) and Mr. ...g, leaders of the American Museum of Natural ...tion, pictured with one of the chief lamas (an ...f the Buddha) at Trashilumpo Monastery

WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE GREAT HILL PALACE OF THE POTALA: One of the temples which look down from the heights on to the city of Lhasa proper. A place of worship in the true Tibetan style, having the upper storey coated with a dark red substance which looks like crude paint but is in reality sacred earth. *Below*—This massive bronze cauldron, standing in one of the main squares of Lhasa, is used for boiling the buttered tea for the lamas during the period of the annual prayer festival, when the city is invariably thronged with pilgrims coming from all parts of Tibet

THE OWNERSHIP OF HISTORIC DOCUMENTS

Lord Hanworth's Far-reaching Act which Prevents Possessors of Old Records from Destroying them and Makes Provision for their Safe Keeping

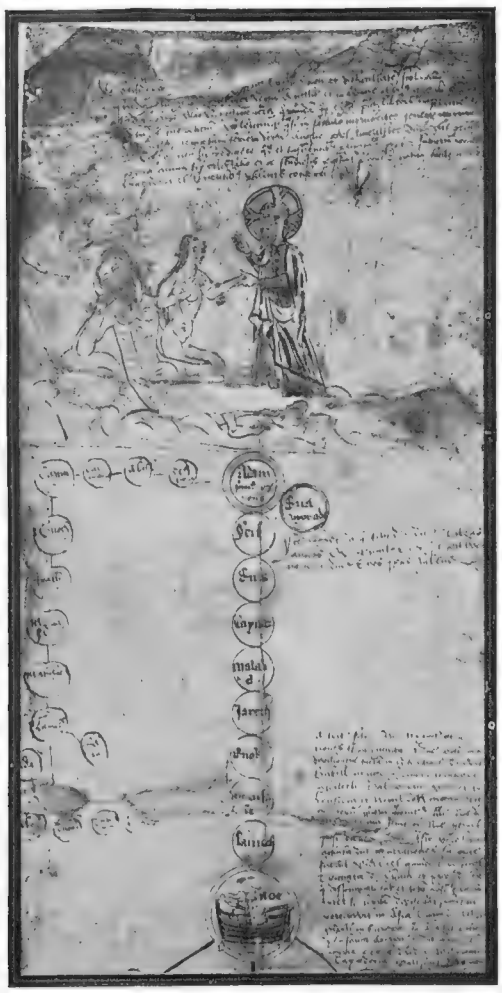
By COLONEL LE HARDY, F.S.A.

(Archivist to Hertfordshire County Council)

LOOT FOR THE LOCAL MUNIMENT ROOMS: In future, under a clause in the new Law of Property Act, those who store their family records in this careless fashion are likely to be requested to hand them over on loan or as a gift to the county autnorities authorised by the Master of the Rolls to take charge of them

TREASURE TROVE: Another example of the manner in which a private owner stored his family records, many of which were very valuable

WE live in a record-making age; as we are so often reminded records are constantly being smashed to make history, yet it is a fascinating paradox to realise that history is still preserved by old records.



THE GENEALOGY OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND TRACED BACK TO ADAM AND EVE: A late fourteenth-century manuscript which was formerly in the collection of Sir Walter Halsey and is now in the Hertford Muniment Room

Those who have ever had the privilege of examining schedules of documents relating to old family estates will find such records well described back, perhaps, to the 18th century.

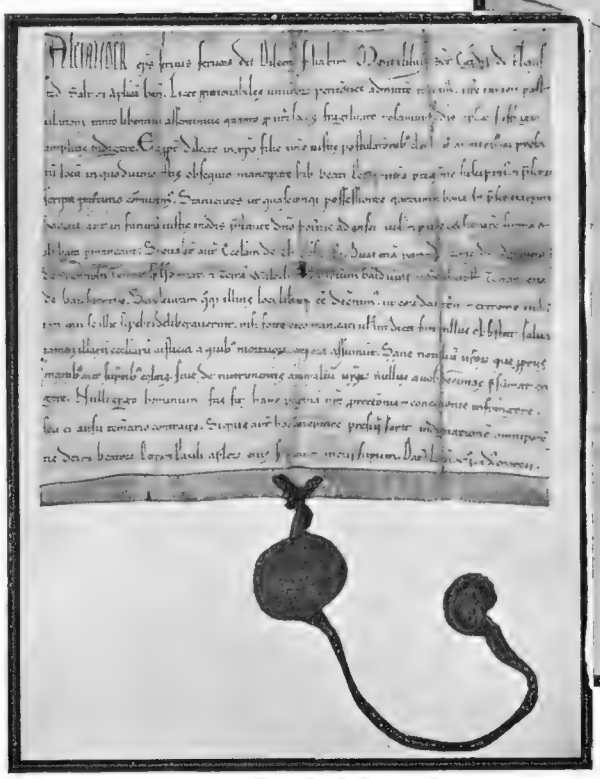
Before that date one will find the bundles described as "illegible," "useless," "of no importance," etc. In nine cases out of ten an examination of these bundles reveals the fact that the wretched junior clerk who was given the job of compiling the schedule was unable to read the old script, and perhaps had some excuse for reasoning that if he could not understand them nobody else could.

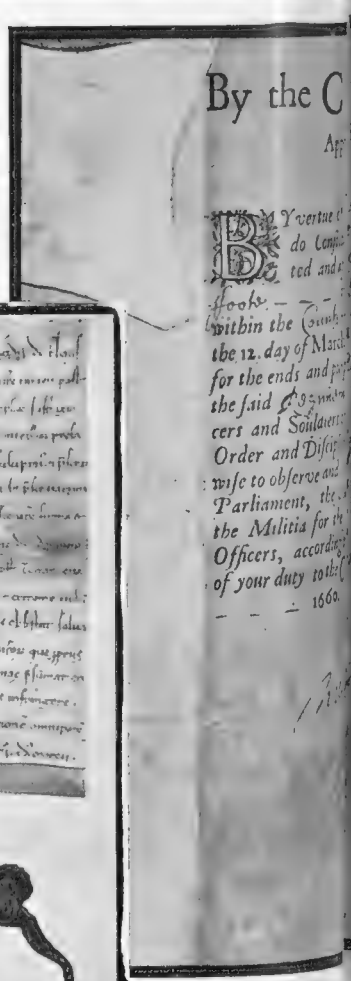
Such bundles are, of course, those to which the student of history would first turn, but, unfortunately, persons not so interested consider the demands on the space of their strong rooms, and condemn such documents for removal and destruction. Particularly during the period of the great war, the parchment dealer and waste-paper merchant were destroying the history of the past by the ton.

Lord Hanworth, who was Master of the Rolls when the Law of Property Act (by which ancient tenures were abolished) was passed, managed to squeeze into the Bill a section laying down that Court Rolls and other manorial documents were to be perpetually preserved. The Act provided that if the custodian of such records was unable to arrange for their proper care, they were to be handed over to the depositories which were to be approved of by him.

I happen to know that even Lord Hanworth himself scarcely expected the far-reaching effect which this clause has had. Already every county in England has at least one muniment room authorised by the Master of the Rolls and his committee, and in Wales the records preserved in the University of Wales at Aberystwith and the National Library of Wales at Cardiff may be counted in their thousands.

Documents, which can be deposited either on loan or as a gift, are numbered and catalogued, and in most cases rules





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are drawn up for their production to properly authorised students under supervision. Should the person depositing the document so desire, he may stipulate that it may only be examined by a person of whom he has personally approved.

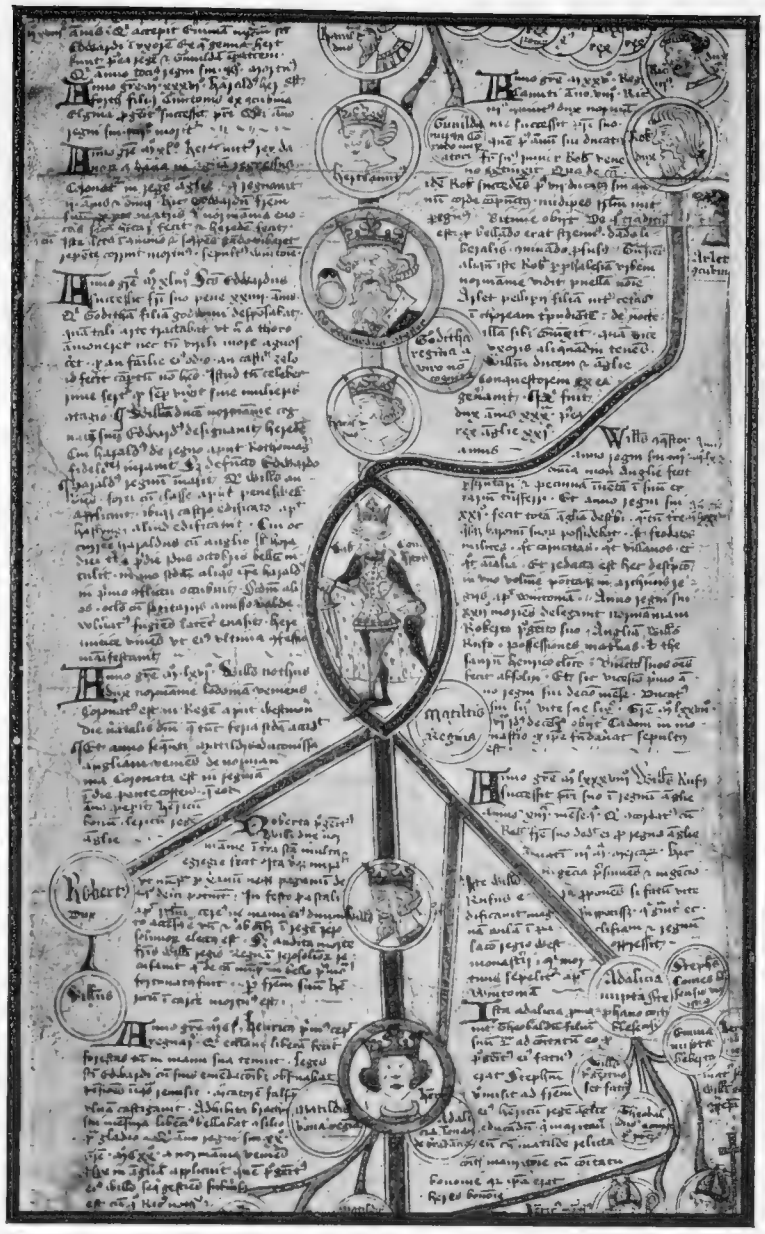
In one muniment room which is controlled by a County Council, over 25,000 documents have been collected from private sources, and not one penny has been paid for the purchase of them. This collection not only contains documents of local family or topographical interest, but also many which throw important and hitherto unknown light on national and international history.

Many individuals believe, with the solicitor's clerk to whom reference has already been made, that if they are unable to read an old document it must be quite useless.

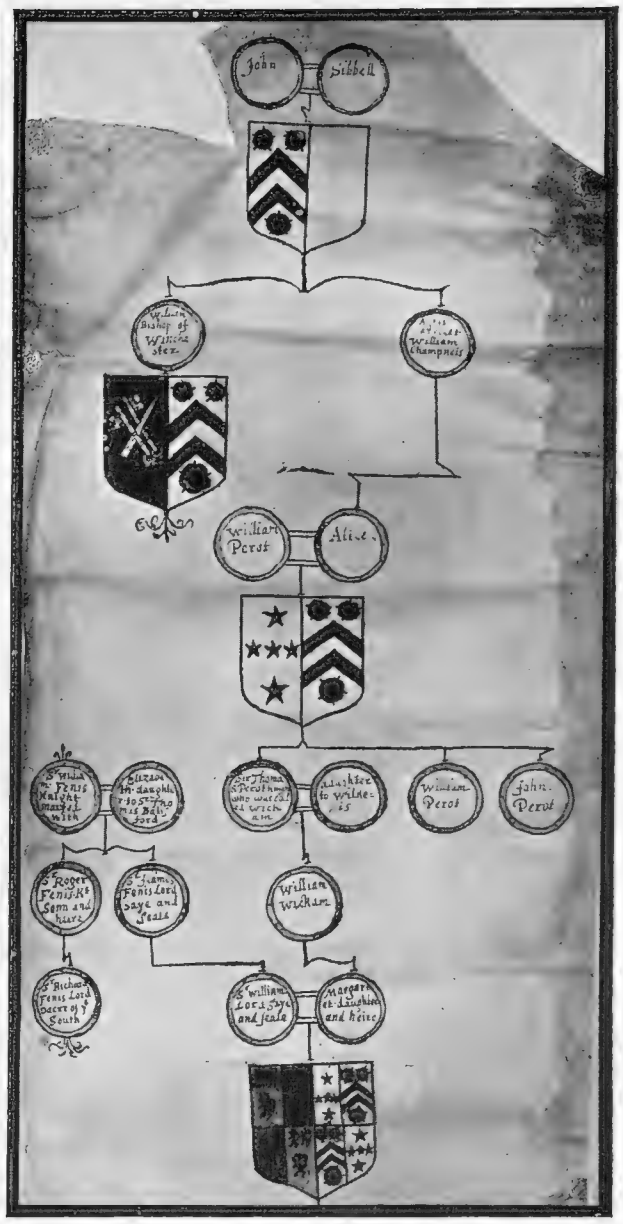
Such people should understand that many documents of the sixteenth century or earlier are written in Latin or Norman French, and it would therefore be wiser for them to consult the custodian of the local depository before sanctioning the destruction of any old document.

I was once anxious to find some documents relating to a small village which was owned by a noble landowner. I enquired at the steward's office, and was informed that nothing was known of such documents. When I was about to leave the office, a young clerk looked up and said "There *are* some bits of parchment in the old disused stable."

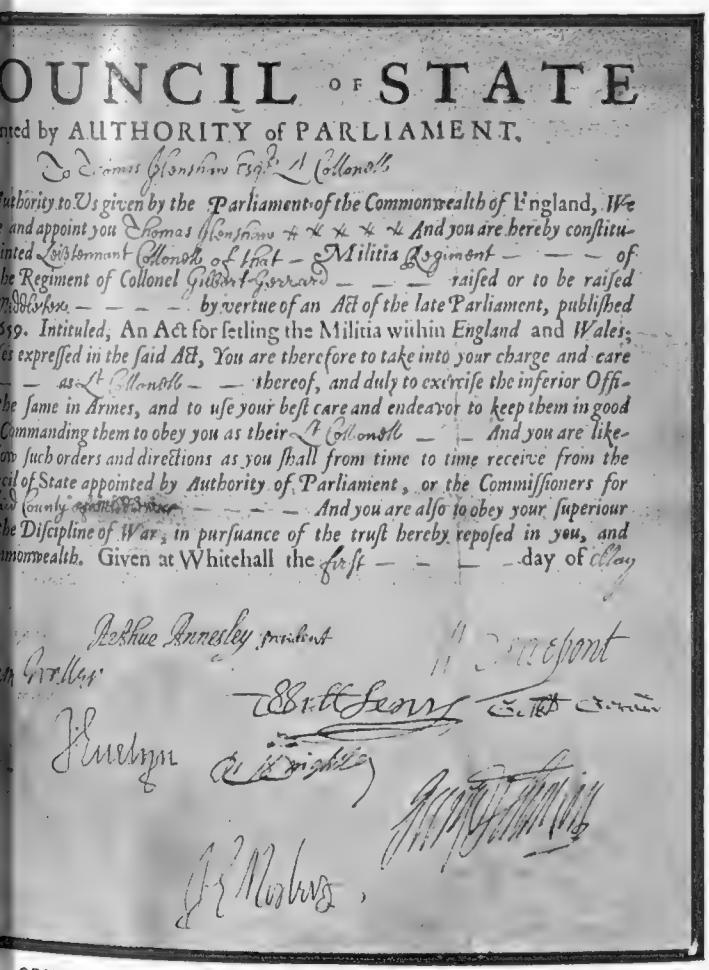
I asked whether I might have a look, and to my astonishment, was led to what might have been an old harness room, packed to the ceiling with boxes of the most interesting documents, dating from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. The owner, who had hitherto been ignorant of their



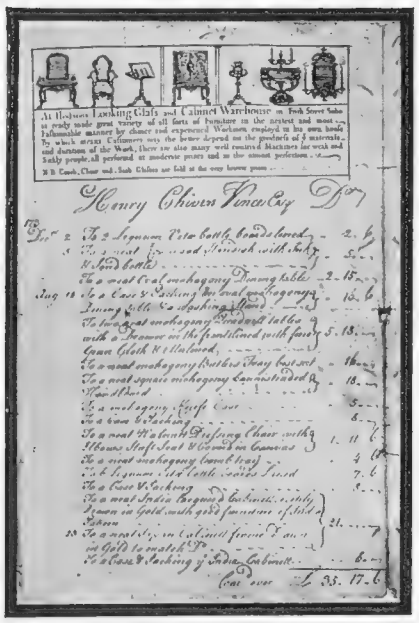
WHO WAS WHO: Another portion of the pedigree of the Kings of England which a fourteenth-century writer, endowed evidently with his full share of imagination, traced back to Adam and Eve



A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ARMORIAL PEDIGREE: A document showing the kin of William of Wykeham, the founder of Winchester College in 1369–93; another treasure from the collection of Sir Walter Halsey



GRAPHS: A document issued by the Council of State during the last days and granting a commission to one Thomas Henshaw. The names at the foot William Waller, the distinguished Commonwealth general and strangely enough, diarist. *On Left*—A papal bull issued in 1165 by Pope Alexander III to the nuns Wood at Beechwood, Herts. It is now in the Hertford County Muniment Room



IN THE DAYS OF MR. CHIPPENDALE: The bill head of a London cabinet maker, bearing the date August 23, 1738

existence, on being informed, was equally thrilled, and I well remember the week I spent sorting the documents out on the ballroom floor, assisted by a footman, who daily became more convinced that sorting old documents was a more interesting task than polishing glasses. The noble owner come in at various times to inquire what fresh discoveries of interest had been made.

No Master of the Rolls can have carried out his responsibilities as custodian-in-chief of all the records of this country more assiduously than Lord Hanworth, who has just retired.

Since the institution of the appointment, which is believed to have been during the reign of Edward I., added legal responsibilities have submerged the original function of that office, *i.e.*, of seeing that the records of the Lord Chancellor were properly preserved. Few holders of the office have been able to spare the time from their judicial duties to see to the preservation of records.

Originally, the official records of this country were scattered about in the different departments, and the accusation of neglect which is now being levelled against private owners was justly made in the seventeenth century against the custodian of public records.

It is, perhaps, fitting that a letter describing graphically the condition of the records which were then deposited in the Tower of London, written to Sir Harbottle Grimston, who was Master of the Rolls from 1660 to 1683, should be one of the documents handed

(Continued on p. 106)

THE END ACHIEVED: Documents carefully stacked on shelves in a County muniment room, where they are always open to the inspection of their owners and of any approved students and research workers

Horse-racing in Canada

BY CHARLES GRAVES

THE START OF THE QUEBEC DERBY: The field pictured a few seconds after leaving the starting gate which, it will be noted, is of the same type as that used in the United States. The track consists of a mixture of sand and clay

AT this very moment, several thousand miles away in Winnipeg, the annual meeting of the directors of the Prairie Thoroughbred Breeding and Racing Association is being held. They will be discussing the past season, suggesting amendments in the rules, and recalling the various cases of severe reprimand administered to jockeys, owners, and trainers on their six tracks during the season. No doubt someone will once again recommend that more weight should be given in handicap races.* At present the top weight that a horse can carry is 8 st. And this scales down to 6 st. 6 lb. The result is that at least 40 per cent. of entries in a handicap race are over weight, and there are not enough jockeys sufficiently light to make the absurd weights given by the handicappers. The situation is being reached that as no horse is allowed to carry more than 5 lb. over-weight, the owner asks, if his jockey is 110 lb., to be given at least 106 lb., even though the handicapper would have given him under 100 lb. in the ordinary way. The reason for this is that the owners of the tracks are afraid that the owners of the horses would refuse to run their animals if they were given more weight.

HORSE-racing in Canada is divided up into three zones—the Eastern tracks, the Prairie provinces, and the Vancouver tracks; but only the nine tracks controlled by the Canadian Racing Association and the aforesaid Prairie Thoroughbred Breeding and Racing Association can be guaranteed to provide clean racing. Even then it is only since the beginning of last season that the saliva of the winner of every race is tested on the Prairie tracks.

There is very little pulling in Canada. A certain number of jockeys are fined regularly for rough riding, but everyone is too hard up to want to pull their animals. The stake money means so much to them. Not that the purse is ever a large one according to English standards; but as bookmakers on the course are illegal, and as those who operate from offices limit the odds to ten to one, this only leaves the Pari-Mutuel. And from the Pari-Mutuel pool the individual track takes 7 per cent. and the Government another 3 per cent. Money, therefore, being so scarce, owners must run their horses for the purses rather than as betting mediums.

*In racing it is sought to equalize the chances of the different horses by apportioning to each the weight which, in the opinion of the handicapper, after studying the form, will bring them together, his aim being to make all the competitors dead heat. When these weights are published in the *Racing Calendar* they are carefully scrutinised by the owners, and those who think that the handicapper has entertained an exaggerated estimate of their horse's powers can save further cost in the way of forfeit by declining to accept. In Canada, it appears, that there are not sufficient light-weight jockeys to get down to the extraordinarily low weights apportioned by the handicapper.

A Sport which is still only in its Infancy in the Dominion but Shows Signs of Developing Rapidly in the Near Future

In the circumstances it is not surprising that racing is cheap in Canada. You can run a stable of nine horses for the price of a couple of animals in England. As for sending your horse to a meeting, it costs you only £4 to send one 1,000 miles from Calgary to Winnipeg in the special horse train. Canada, however, being so large, there is no such thing as a local Newmarket with gallops. All the training has to be done at the tracks, which is, however, inclined to make the horses stale. There is, by the way, very little steeplechasing.

Racing in the Prairie Provinces begins on May 24, which we know as Empire Day and they call Victoria Day, and continues until September, though in the East there is racing up to the end of October. During that period, however, racing is frequent. It begins with seven days at Calgary, followed by another week's racing at Edmonton. Next comes a fortnight's racing at Winnipeg, followed by another week at Calgary, six days at Edmonton, six at Saskatchewan, and another six at Regina, followed by a fortnight again at Winnipeg. In addition, there is racing on alternate weeks on the three main tracks near Vancouver during June, July, and August, together with further racing at other small tracks where there is no real control. Even beyond this there is racing, if it can be described as such, at the various country fairs. If, however, a horse has run in one of these half-bred meetings, it cannot be entered on a licensed track.

PECULIARITIES about Canadian racing are that the average length of a race is not more than three-quarters of a mile; the sprints are only four furlongs; and the entries limited to ten, though a round dozen are permitted over greater distances. The longest, however, is only a mile and a quarter.

The horses run on dirt tracks—in other words, a mixture of sand and clay—which may be lightning-fast or inordinately heavy according to the weather. The handicappers are all American: all of them charming, but most of them inefficient. So far no Englishman with qualifications has ever applied for a job. At the moment there is quite an idea to get Canadians. The present lot, however, are regarded locally as being much overrated and considerably overpaid. A handicapper will get as much as 100 dollars a racing day together with his expenses.

Purses are not large. The biggest last season was that of the two-year-old Futurity Stakes at Winnipeg, which came to 2,500 dollars. The Manitoba Derby and the Alberta Derby were both worth 2,000 dollars apiece. At the smaller meetings the average stakes are 200 dollars, though in Winnipeg they vary between 400 and 1,000.

I have already spoken of the scarcity of good local jockeys. I am told there should be a great chance for English lads to go out there provided they are prepared to go "hell bent" for election from the drop of the flag. There are very few jockeys in Canada who are real horsemen. Few of them show any judgment of pace. But it is necessary to have pretty good nerves when you are riding into a turn on a half-mile track. Jockeys get 5 dollars for the ride in cheaper races and 15 dollars if they win. In the better class races the tariff is 10 dollars and 25 dollars. In each case there is naturally a tip forthcoming. As in England, this works out in the neighbourhood of 10 per cent. of the value of the stakes.

ONE of the curiosities of the racing public in Canada is that it is provided with far better information in the newspapers than is the case in England, and yet it makes far less use of this information. Nobody except the real experts seem to understand anything about form, despite the fact that on the race programme there is a form chart of the last six races.

The leading stables in Canada are those belonging to Mahor Austen Taylor of Vancouver, Harry Hatch, A. G. Tarn—a Yorkshireman who settled twenty years ago in Canada, and Captain Stanley Harrison. There are also the Seagram Stable, the Ryland New Stable, and the Eaton Stable.

It may be reckoned that a racehorse can be fed and kept for 2s. a day in Canada; to shoe it is only another 5 dollars; and the best stable lad gets a mere 75 dollars a month and will take care of as many as three horses,

Few horses are imported from England and none come over to race. The American contingent comes up in considerable numbers to race in July and August. Before the depression there were a number of nice horses of good handicap class (worth anything from 2,500 dollars to 3,000 dollars apiece), but since the various small tracks have been started in the United States there is rather a drain on them. In the past three years, however, the standard of animal has improved considerably. Outlaw tracks are being suppressed, and now that Canada is turning the corner horse-racing over there will have a rosy future. It would be much rosier, however, if as I say, the handicappers ended the present farce whereby so many of the handicapped horses run under what are mere catch weights.

PICTURES IN THE SNOW

Winter Sport in Switzerland and Canada

MAKING-UP IN THE MOUNTAINS

A pause after the arduous climb before the start of the exhilarating downward run

THE TOP OF THE SLOPE

THE NEXT BEST THING: When there is not sufficient snow on the ski-ing slopes of Southern Ontario, winter sports enthusiasts are still able to enjoy their favourite pastime as a result of the discovery of a process by which artificial snow is made in great quantities by the pulverising of ice into minute particles. *Above*—The pulveriser with its rows of teeth that churn up the surface of the ice. *Left*—The machine used for sweeping the newly-made snow into heaps. Altogether it takes between four and five hours to obtain sufficient snow to stage a ski-ing meeting and to transport it to the hills

READY FOR USE: *Above*—Two experts examining the snow made from ice, and *(right)*, snow being loaded on to a lorry for despatch to the ski-ing slopes

What Other People are Doing

Social and Personal Pictures

TWO DOUBLE EVENTS IN THE MARRIAGE STAKES: *Left*—The Hon. Michael Berry, second son of Lord Camrose (the newspaper proprietor), and Lady Pamela Smith, younger daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead, pictured together after their wedding in the Chapel of Gray's Inn. It may be remembered that it was there that the bride's brother, the present Lord Birkenhead, was married last year to the bridegroom's sister, the Hon. Sheila Berry. *Right*—Miss Isabel Malcolm and Miss Griselda Malcolm, daughters of the late Sir James Malcolm and of Evelyn Lady Malcolm, driving together to Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, where they were married simultaneously. The bridegroom of the former was Mr. Thomas Cottrell-Dormer, and of the latter Captain F. W. Gray

CARE-FREE YOUTH: A youngster entertaining with an impromptu dance some of the hundreds of her fellow guests at the mammoth Christmas party held a few days ago at Victory House, Leicester Square, by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

A NEW YEAR JUVENILE PARTY AT THE MANSION HOUSE: Miss Elizabeth Wilson, Master Donald Barrett, Miss Mary Wilson, and Master Geoffrey Young at the fancy dress dance given for young people by the Lord Mayor

ON THE AIR: Orlando Bracci, a sixteen-year-old Canadian accordion player who is now at school in Leatherhead and who made his radio debut in this country last Saturday when he took part in "The Band Box," a novelty broadcast in the London Regional programme

MAKING LONDON LAUGH: Chaz. Chase whose comical antics are proving a great attraction in the popular Grosvenor House cabaret. An enterprising film company has already secured his services, and his performance is being recorded

IN DEMAND: Master Joe Petersen, the boy singer, whose gramophone records, "Skylark" and "Mammie Mine," have now reached a circulation of over a mill on. He is at present appearing in a Glasgow pantomime and will shortly go on tour in Holland

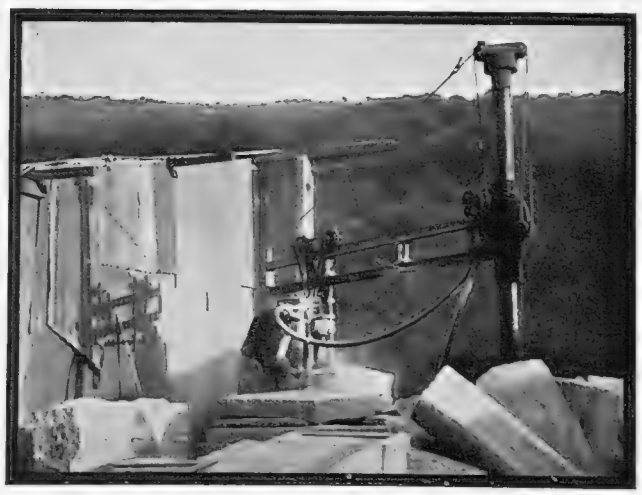
Mainly METROPOLITAN

The Funeral Service of Mr. F. N. Charrington—Over Fifteen Years Spent on Making a Copy of a Jan Mabuse Masterpiece—Granite for Chelsea Bridge

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL FIRE BRIGADE: The framework of the building in course of construction on a recently cleared site on the Albert Embankment, near Lambeth Bridge

THE FRIEND OF THE EAST END POOR: The funeral service for Mr. F. N. Charrington, founder of the Tower Hamlets Mission, in progress at the Mission in Mile End Road. The deceased had for many years been a notable figure in the district, ever since the day, in fact, when he sacrificed a brewery fortune of over £1,000,000 and decided to devote his life to temperance and missionary work

A LABOUR OF ART AND LOVE: Miss Agnes W. Guest at work in the National Gallery on her reproduction of "Adoration of the Kings," the masterpiece by Jan Gossart de Mabuse, the great 15th and 16th century Flemish painter. Miss Guest, who has received and refused several substantial offers for her copy, has now been engaged on this task for over fifteen years



IN A CORNISH GRANITE QUARRY: A pneumatic drill at work cutting into shape stone for the piers of the new Chelsea Bridge

READY FOR DESPATCH: A consignment of Cornish granite blocks for Chelsea Bridge encased in wood to protect them

G. K. IN FESTIVE MOOD: Mr. Chesterton blowing up a balloon at a children's party in Chelsea at which he acted as host

The World of Books

Phyllis Bentley's Brilliant Historical Novel: Britten Austin's Entertaining Napoleonic Love Story

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

IN all its forms, and some of them are inchoate enough to defy classification, the novel stays closer to type when its characters and action are taken direct from history. The historical novel (and what literary crimes have been committed in its name!) has varied little from those plain tales from the history book by Bulwer Lytton, from the romantic overlaying of Marion Crawford, to those competent and satisfying exercises in the novelist's craft by Miss Marjorie Bowen and her pseudonyms. And sometimes it has presented a bright jewel, as in that neglected masterpiece, *Ladies whose Bright Eyes*, by him who in those days was known as Ford Madox Hueffer.

Except in cases where the author arbitrarily shifts the incidence of historical sequence in order to achieve the requisite high-lights of a character sketch, such novels usually pretend to no more significance than the re-telling of an old story; "purpose" is noticeably absent from their pages, which possibly explains their steady popularity. There comes a time in every library subscriber's life when he grows tired of being preached to and philosophised at in novels, turning gratefully to what I am sure he would call a straightforward story.

He will be grateful to Miss Phyllis Bentley for **FREEDOM FAREWELL** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), for it is as near to being the perfect example of an historical novel as anything can be. From the moment he follows a supercilious young man ascending a mountain pass in driving rain and discovers it to be Julius Caesar avoiding, with his own peculiar mixture of arrogance, courage, and cunning, the proscription of Sulla, the reader is under the spell of reality that can only be created by a real story teller. And in that walk, and in the subsequent meeting with Servilia, how brilliantly the author, with a few strokes, presents the complex character of Caesar, whose story it is.

Be among the crowd in the streets of Rome at Pompey's first triumph, knowing, as they do not, so much of the triumphant one's apprehensions. Share our unwilling and slow-growing admiration for the bullet-headed righteousness of Cato, our contempt for the usurious Crassus, listen to the wily but golden-tongued Cicero; witness the defeat of Pompey and the flower of the Roman patricians by Caesar's hardly marched and outnumbered legions, and the tender scene which follows with the young Brutus. Follow Pompey on his flight to Egypt and forget, if you can, the base ignominy of his death. Follow, after a period of civil war, political strife, treachery, and intrigue, Caesar to the Senate on the fateful Ides of March, to meet the fate of tyrants and dictators "in the name of liberty." See the bloody storm of lust for power break out afresh to the welter of the final chapter, whose heading, taken from the dying Brutus's soliloquy, is "Freedom, Farewell!" Yes, and note the epilogue, entitled "Peace with Dishonour," in which we find the "Divine Emperor Caesar Augustus" enacting a decree which has the strange familiar ring of something nearer to our own time and clime.

Having been as absorbed as I was with this story, the reader may turn to a quotation from Mommsen on a half-title page which ends: "In this sense the history of Caesar and of Roman Imperialism is in truth a more bitter censure of modern autocracy than could be written by the hand of man," and reflect that perhaps, after all, this novel has a deeper purpose than that of a fine historical tale. Dare we ever hope that "the history of past centuries" may be "the instructress of the present?"

I call this novel a great achievement, for within the scope of a novel Miss Phyllis Bentley has recreated one of the greatest lives, certainly one of the greatest tragedies of history, the underlying truth of which should penetrate even the thickest of heads as yet unbowed to the service of a modern dictator.

On the historical note, also, is Mr. F. Britten Austin's **THE ROAD TO GLORY** (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.) The book opens with Napoleon, while yet a young General, driving down to Nice in his shabby coach to take his first command and open the Italian campaign.

The day before, he had married the glamorous Josephine. He was in love; deeply, passionately, and this served as a spur to his already considerable ambitions. He would conquer Italy and lay the spoils and his fame at her feet.

He did conquer Italy, in spite of the ragged, starving, undisciplined army under his command, and in spite of the contempt and the jealousies he had to endure from the older generals on his staff. By every courier he wrote to Josephine, begging her to come to Italy, and getting more and more frantic at her indifference and implausible excuses. Finally she came to meet him in Milan, after one of his greatest military triumphs. He greeted her with ecstasy, pouring out to her a torrent of his achievements, extraordinary enough, and his future plans and ambitions, even more extraordinary,

"I shall lead France to a dazzling glory . . . . a glory of which this that I have won in Italy is only the dawn! I shall rank with Caesar and Alexander!"

She stifled a little yarn, smiled charmingly, indolently. "*Comme tu es drôle Bonaparte.*"

Mr. Britten Austin has written this Napoleonic love story with intensity and at a pace which Mr. B. H. Liddell Hart has noted. That that great military critic also "realises the immense amount of knowledge that is woven into it" is praise which I gladly reiterate though not competent to endorse. The story may be a familiar one, but I enjoyed this rendering of it very much.

Mr. Louis Golding's new novel **THE PURSUER** (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.) begins with a small boy running away; it ends with the same small boy, grown old, battling, with his dying breath with a pursuing ghost.

Harry Wace and Sidney Sharples are the pursued and the pursuing and it all began at the Blenheim Road School whose regular attendants were less smart than the boys who came occasionally to attend woodwork classes. Harry was the "common" boy, and Sidney's family considered themselves a social cut above such a lot.

Out of the skirmishes which took place between these two lots of boys developed a sullen and bitter rivalry between Harry and Sidney, the former, from the first conflict, being dominated by the terror of being pursued by Sidney. The whole story is a nightmare, during which Harry Wace's hallucination crystallises at every turn of his career. He becomes engaged, only to become humiliated by the vindictive Sharples, who steals his girl and marries her himself.

For years they neither meet nor speak nor correspond, but in each successive disaster in life and in business he finds the hand of Sharples. At length the obsession grows so strong that Wace carefully plans to shoot his tormentor, and does.

From then on the nightmare becomes intensified, for Wace is battling no longer with a living man, but the dreadful spectre of his crime. He goes abroad to hide from something he dare not even define to himself; he goes from town to town, from country to country, and finally dies horribly in a single room in Berlin.

As the whole point of this macabre story depends upon an even grimmer twist of the author's imagination in the *dénouement* I see no reason to give it away, but can say that its dramatic effect is worthy of the sustained horror of the whole.

As a *tour de force* this novel is undoubtedly an achievement, but I for one prefer Mr. Louis Golding among the happier flamboyances of Magnolia Street.

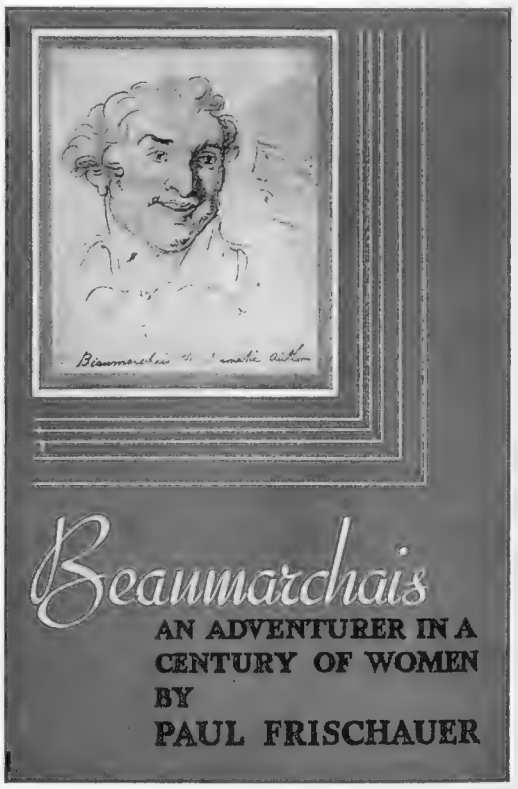
On a November day in 1920 a young Danish artisan, finding himself in Marseilles with a thirst for adventure, decided to join the French Foreign Legion. Once enlisted he quickly found that there was precious little romance and little but brutality and bestiality in the adventure. With four others he attempted escape, was captured, tortured, tried, and sentenced, as the ringleader, to five years *travaux forcés* (penal servitude in the galleys in Guiana).

HELL BEYOND THE SEAS (John Lane. 15s.) is his account of his transportation in the dreaded convict ship and his subsequent life in the penal settlements of Devil's Island, St. Joseph's, and Ile Royale. He attempted escape and endured savage punishment for it, under conditions almost as bad as those meted out to prisoners in the darkest ages.

This is a terrible story, told with a rough simplicity which the editor, Dr. Krarup Nielsen, has meticulously preserved, and bearing the stamp of truth. Conditions of such atrocious cruelty, of greed, and bestiality, degrading to convicts, warders, officials and their families alike, are a blot on a so-called enlightened age and a terrible indictment of a nation which, tolerating such things, still prides itself upon its "civilising" influence upon the world.

The strength of this story is the restraint with which it is written—at times almost to the point of under-statement. It is illustrated with photographs and some naïve but remarkably effective sketches by the author.

PLAYTHINGS OF TIME by Arnold Zweig (Secker. 7s. 6d.) is an example of what a novelist should not do. On the jacket of this volume the author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* is hailed as "a master of the short story". He is nothing of the kind; or if he is, no example of his mastery is contained in this collection, none of which rises above a dead level of flatness and mediocrity. Sentimentality lies heavily upon some of them; the rest reveal little more than the quality of Teutonic thoroughness wrestling with an unfamiliar technique.



A PLAYER OF MANY PARTS: The jacket design for Paul Frischauer's biography of Pierre Beaumarchais, which has just been published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson. Beaumarchais is perhaps best known as the author of the satirical comedies, *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, but during his long career he revealed talent in numerous directions, first as a watchmaker and inventor, secondly as a speculator, and later on as agent of the Government

A BOOK LIST

STANLEY PAUL.—ONCE TO EVERY MAN By Clive Dalton. 7s. 6d. MURDER AT THE INN. By Richard Govne. 7s. 6d. THE TEMPLE FALLS. By Angus MacVicar. 7s. 6d. DENIS ARCHER.—LIFE AMONG THE LAPPS ON THE SPRING TREK WITH THE KONGAMA LAPPS. By Sven Haglund. Translated from the Swedish by William Savage. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BELL.—UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF SCIENCE. By A. W. Haslett. 7s. 6d. STEADY DRUMMER. By Stanley Casson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BLACKWOOD.—EMPTY HIGHWAYS: Ten Thousand Miles by Road and Lake Through East and Central Africa. By R. O. Pearse. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—POGO, THE CIRCUS HORSE By Joseph Berger. Illustrated by James Reid. 5s. COUNTRY CALENDAR. By A. G. Street. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. 7s. 6d.

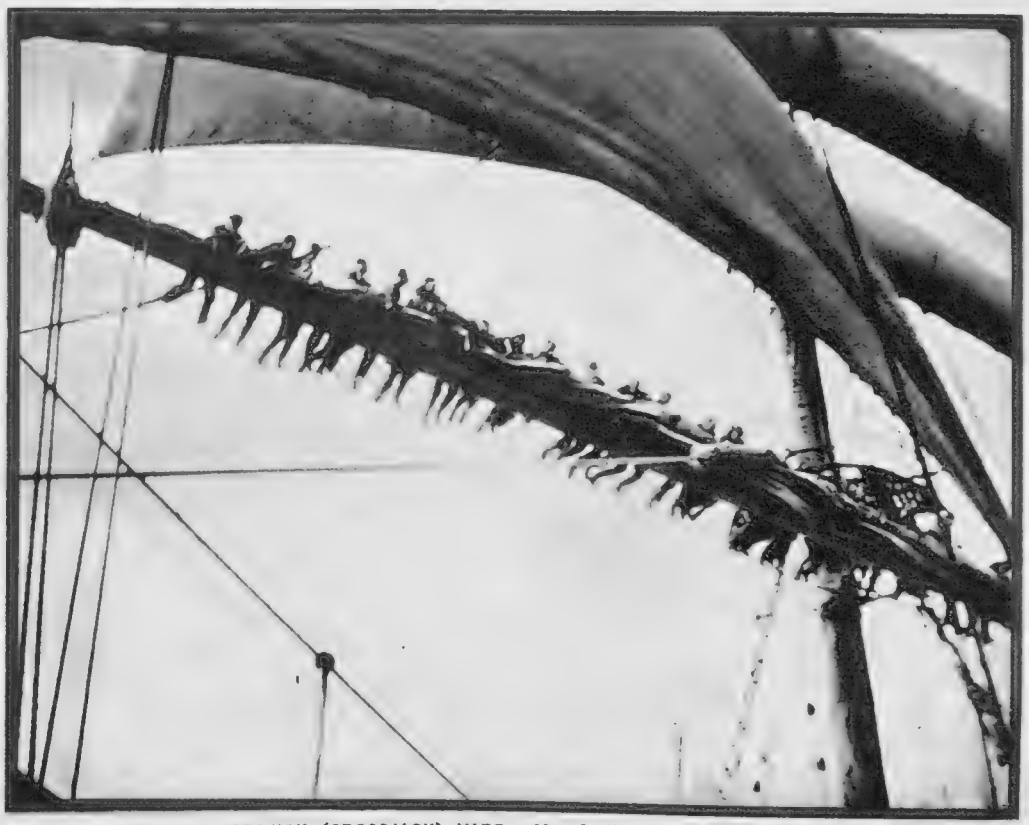
THE CRUISE OF THE "JOSEPH CONRAD": The full-rigged sailing ship—the last of her kind in British ownership—pictured as she rode the gleaming waters outside Sydney Heads at the conclusion of the first half of a voyage which started at Ipswich fourteen months ago and has taken her a total distance of 30,000 miles through extraordinarily rough weather. Her owner-master is a young Australian journalist, Alan Villiers, and in addition to the three mates and twelve professional sailors are twelve cadets, some of them English public school boys. They will eventually return home via Cape Horn and New York

TALL SHIPS

Two Survivals of the Age of Sail

The *Joseph Conrad* was formerly the Danish training ship, *Georg Stag*, and had been in commission for more than fifty years when Mr. Alan Villiers acquired her from the Danish Government. The vessel is now providing training in navigation and seamanship for twelve youths, most of whom are destined for careers in the merchant service, and but for this might never have had an opportunity of gaining experience "in sail." Although the life is hard, the boys appear to thrive on it, and have given a good account of themselves.

RUNNING INTO WARMER LATITUDES: The man at the wheel of the sailing ship *Parma* dispenses with his shirt



ALL HANDS ON THE CROJICK (CROSSJACK) YARD: Men furling the square sail on the lower yard of the mizzen mast during rough weather off Cape Horn. A scene aboard the famous four-masted barque, *Parma*, when on her last voyage out to Australia to pick up her cargo of grain for the annual race home

A WEAKLING KING: The portrait by François Quesnel, a noted sixteenth-century Court painter, of Henri III, the effeminate and dissolute monarch who is one of the central characters in Edouard Bourdet's remarkable historical play, *Margot*, which is at present proving such an immense success at the Marigny Theatre in Paris. He was assassinated in 1589 and succeeded by Henri of Navarre the first of the great Bourbon line

A Page for Art Lovers

Henri III of France in the News —The First Don Quixote Painting

Henri III, the subject of the portrait reproduced above, is to-day one of the most discussed historical figures in France, almost wholly as a result of Edouard Bourdet's successful play *Margot*, which continues to fill the Marigny Theatre, Paris, to capacity and has in its cast such accomplished artistes as Yvonne Printemps (Margot, the King's sister), Maurice Nasil (the Duke of Alençon) and Pierre Fresnay (Henri). Bourdet was at one time anxious that Quesnel's portrait should be used on the stage, but eventually it was decided that it was too delicate a masterpiece to be placed in a theatre. The artist, writes a Paris correspondent of THE SPHERE, is one of those intriguing personalities of the sixteenth century concerning whom little is known. This portrait of Henri III is one of few definitely attributed to his hand. Attention has lately been given to François Quesnel for he was a contemporary of Corneille de Lyon and Jean and François Clouet who are the only well-known artists of a school which, during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, certainly included other artists of no less deserving merit. Quesnel, who was of Franco-Scottish descent, is one of these masters who are now arousing interest as being probable authors of several of the portraits which, in the past, have been attributed to the Clouets.

Pierre Quesnel was the first member of this family known to be a portrait painter. He was born in France at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He became the protégé of Marie de Guise who, on becoming Queen of Scotland, took him with her to her new country. He was presented to James V who named him painter to the Court of Holyrood. Few of the many portraits he painted are identified. One notable portrait, however, of his benefactress Queen Mary, is to day in the collection of Lord Lee of Fareham.

While at Holyrood, Pierre married a Scotch girl named Madeleine Digby. They had one son François, who was destined to become the most celebrated member of the family.

On the death of James V, in 1542, Quesnel's position as Court painter became somewhat difficult. He eventually returned to France; followed a few years later by the young Mary Queen of Scots, with whom he renewed relations at the French Courts.

The son François soon acquired fame in France as a painter and was honoured as "valet de chambre et peintre ordinaire du roi" in succession to François Clouet. He especially excelled in portraiture in oils and pencil: it is this which explains why for a long time many of his works were falsely attributed to his predecessor.

François Quesnel became the favourite painter of Henri III. and of his Court, and was patronised by the Chancellor Chivenoy.

Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

On left—ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA: François Quesnel's portrait of the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II; a woman conspicuous alike for her goodness and beauty. She was a sister-in-law of Henri III of France and the wife of Charles IX, but such was the dominating influence of her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, that she was never allowed to take any part in public affairs, even being left ignorant of events during the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. She died at the age of 38

DON QUIXOTE AND THE FAITHFUL SANCHO PANZA: This little-known example of the art of Louis Le Nain, which is at present in the possession of a New York art dealer, is now definitely established as having been painted in 1640, twenty-four years after the death of Cervantes, and is almost certainly the first important rendering on canvas of the two outstanding characters in *Don Quixote*. The artist specialised in studies of humble life and his work throws much light on costumes in the early years of Louis XIV

"AS YOU LIKE IT" FILMED

And a Melodrama of the Railroad

TROUBLE ON THE FOOTPLATE: Driver Holt (Julien Mitchell, *right*) who is making his final run after forty years in the service and has become mentally unbalanced, threatens his fireman (Michael Hogan), forcing him to assist him in his insane design to crash the train. An episode from the Twickenham film, *The Last Journey*, which has been made with the co-operation of the Great Western Railway and was shown for the first time this week at the Carlton, Haymarket

DINING-CAR COMEDY: Eve Grey, Frank Pettingell, and Sydney Fairbrother make an amusing trio of passengers in the new picture, *The Last Journey*, most of which was filmed during a series of runs on the G.W.R.

IN THE NICK OF TIME: The doctor (Godfrey Tearle) brings the half-crazed driver to reason, persuading him to stop the train in its mad career a moment or two before the end of the line is reached

AT THE USURPER'S COURT: Two episodes from the film version of *As You Like It*, which is now being made at Elstree for world-wide distribution by the Twentieth-Century-Fox Organisation. *Left*—Celia (Sophie Stewart) tries to console Rosalind (Elisabeth Bergner), daughter of the banished ruler. *Right*—Celia and her father, Duke Frederick (Felix Aylmer), who wears a magnificent renaissance costume of slashed black velvet and gold brocade

"WE THAT ARE TRUE LOVERS RUN INTO STRANGE CAPERS": Touchstone, the jester (Mackenzie Ward), and Rosalind (Elisabeth Bergner) in the Forest of Arden—an elaborate set arranged near the Elstree Studios, and consisting partly of artificial and partly of real trees

SOMETHING IN THE WIND: The shepherd Corin (Aubrey Mather) and his flock strike Touchstone as none too fragrant. Another episode from the British screen version of *As You Like It*, which is likely to provide further proof of the eminent suitability of Shakespeare as a film medium

TRIPLE BILL AT THE PHŒNIX: The family in deep mourning for the head of the house for whom, in reality, they all had scant respect. An episode from *Family Album*, Noel Coward's satiric study of a Victorian home, which was presented last week in conjunction with his two other new, short plays, *The Astonished Heart* and *Red Peppers*. Gertrude Lawrence is on the left, Noel Coward on the right, and Alison Leggatt, who gives one of her finest performances, is seated on the left side of the sofa

PLAYS and FILMS

Noel Coward's Triptych at the Phœnix Provides Novel Theatrical Fare—The Screen Version of a George du Maurier Novel—Robert Lynen at the Academy

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

IT IS STRANGE that the "third time lucky" dictum should so persistently hold good in the matter of trilogies, triptychs, or trios; for aught I know it works with triplets, too.

Puccini wrote towards the end of his distinguished career a batch of three one-act operas—*Il Tabarro*, *Suor Angelica*, and *Gianni Schicchi*. The first two are forgotten, or nearly so; the last figures constantly in most repertoires, deserves immortality, and will, I think, achieve it.

The same lucky fate should await the third of Mr. Coward's opening triptych (Puccini called his operas a triptych) at the Phœnix Theatre. Not that *Red Peppers* is a masterpiece. But while admitting that some degree of its success was due to the flatness of some of the surrounding country and to the desire of the audience to laugh after one play which was meant to be serious, and another (this is far more depressing) which was meant to be funny and wasn't, I must claim that this little burlesque of a music hall double-turn was exquisite fooling. Its author will find it most useful on future occasions, particularly in the sacred cause of the charity matinee. *Red Peppers* made me laugh very much indeed, partly because it is intentionally funny and partly because Mr. Coward and Miss Gertrude Lawrence were appearing in it.

Miss Lawrence is not only one of our most brilliant actresses, she is also one of the most sophisticated, though she probably loathes by now the very sound of the word. To go back to early days (I remember her doing this tap dancing quite a number of years ago, in male evening-dress, though not in a music-hall) must have been rather fun for her. I hope and suspect both she and Mr. Coward enjoyed it as much as I did.

Family Album proved as tedious as a real family album can be, and took as long to inspect as a whole library of albums. That the thing is in bad taste I do not agree. There is no reason why one should not poke fun on the stage at a post-funeral family gathering; it is on just such occasions in real life that there is usually a desperate and semi-hysterical attempt to poke fun at anything and everything. In this case the deceased father, who must have had many a congenial chat with the parent in Mr. Rudolph Besier's Barratt-cum-Browning play, was, we are led to suppose, a nasty piece of work; *The Dear Departed*, and many other better plays than this, have exploited this ground without protest.

The trouble is that Mr. Coward has over-elaborated his joke and has killed it in the process. Indulgence in too much Madeira not only made these sons and daughters too chatty, it knocked the wit, or nearly all of it, out of their conversation. And the piece became an uncomfortable oddity when they broke into song and dance; besides, song is hardly Mr. Coward's line of country. I liked Mr. Calthrop's *décor*, and the author's repetition of his *Conversation Piece* trick of posing his characters as a *tableau vivant*; though Mr. Coward's tunefully individual music was unmistakably 1936 and not the period chosen—1860. I do not wish to be absurdly meticulous over what was at any rate intended as a joke. Yet if one embarks on a *pastiche* one should go the whole hog with it. Mr. Coward is quite capable of burlesquing or reproducing Victorian tinkles of the "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming" type, and I marvel he did not see the wisdom of doing so. Miss Lawrence, radiantly pretty in a crinoline, did her best for the "album," as did other clever players, including Miss Moya Nugent.

In *The Astonished Heart* Mr. Coward goes back to the tense brilliance of his *The Vortex*, and acts in it with the same air of nervous tragedy he displayed in that early and excellent play. The piece is more artificial or, possibly, seems so because, short as it is, it is cut up into six scenes and we were reminded of the theatre by the constant dropping of the curtain and dimming of the lights. It is not, I think, likely to become popular and some members of the first-night audience seemed to resent its gloom and its lack of action (except for the trifling incident of Mr. Coward jumping out of the window). Yet I thought most powerful this story of a psychiatrist unable to cure his own case or to do anything beyond raging calmly, if impotently, against his first-rate mind being completely subjugated by somebody else's first-rate body. He had a sweet and understanding wife—human and not a cloying mass of unrequired virtue. The part was beautifully played by Miss Alison Leggatt. But the Other Woman had him, poisoned his happiness, plunged him into the familiar hell of jealousy and mutual recrimination.

The Other Woman was not the mere film "vamp." Her love for him died on her, and it was not her fault. So he committed suicide—and one does not need to be a psychiatrist to realise that that is the only course if one knows the disease to be incurable.

The play rings fairly true, except for one moment, unfortunately the closing incident. If a woman is ever to be born who sends his mistress to the bedside of her adored husband to scoop up his last sentences for her exclusive use, while she herself waits in another room until all is over, she will be far too good for any world except that corner of the theatrical world which I would have betted Mr. Coward to be the one dramatist not to explore.

The Phœnix Theatre experiment is obviously a success, even if three bull's eyes have not been registered in the first three shots. That would, perhaps, have been too much to expect from anyone. That the experiment is being made and what is, in effect, a novel form of theatrical fare presented, is a considerable something, if only because it gets the theatre talked about. One can always trust Mr. Coward for that.

Nor should one overlook the author's perfect methods of production and the high standard of the company which supports him and the indispensable Miss Lawrence.

A TOAST: Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence as husband and wife in another moment in *Family Album* which shows Coward again in *Bitter Sweet* vein. The play, together with the other two produced in conjunction with it, is reviewed in this issue by our critic Philip Page

GENIUS AND TEMPERAMENT: Fedor Chaliapin at h[is] great singer, it may be remembered, was much [in] controversy at the Royal Opera House, Copenha[gen] for which all seats had been sold at record pr[ices] Tiflis in 1892 and has since sung in nearly all [the] in a few weeks time. His most famous part

More Ballet.—Fog, holidays, wintry nights, pantomimes—nothing daunts the loyalty of the ballet enthusiasts. Two seasons of ballet are now running simultaneously in London—native ballet at that, and no other capital in Europe could point to such an achievement.

In some ways it is, I think, a pity that the Sadler's Wells and Duke of York's Theatre organisations cannot combine. It is true that at the former theatre the position is complicated by the policy of running grand opera on alternate nights or thereabouts. But combination would bring the inestimable advantage of a large orchestra, which is almost as important for ballet as it is for opera. The orchestra at both these theatres, particularly at the latter, is too small, ably though both orchestras play.

Not that the music of Adolfe Adam, whose ancient *Giselle* was revived at the Duke of York's last week, is either spacious or profound. Yet this ballet needs to be done in the grand manner; and much the same applies to *Carnaval* and *Les Sylphides* in the "Wells" repertoire, if we are not to make unfavourable comparison with performances of those works at Covent Garden and the larger theatres.

Giselle, none the less, was extremely well done, and the languid atmosphere of Theophile Gautier's romanticism more than adequately conveyed. The old story is rather preposterous; but Mr. Anton Dolin and Miss Alice Markova mimed it convincingly and their dancing is, of course, exquisite. The irate and jealous game-keeper was played (and very well) by a young gentleman made up into a startling resemblance to Mr. Bernard Shaw in the days of his ruddy-bearded youth.

At the "Wells" the Hogarth Ballet, *The Rake's Progress*, remains one of the most enjoyable productions of this type I have known for a very long time. Mr. Gavin Gordon's music is not only good in itself; it is a perfect eighteenth century *pastiche*. Mr. Coward, please note.

"Peter Ibbetson" (Film).—First of all a tiny anecdote which has some slight connection with *Peter Ibbetson*, the film now running at the Carlton.

When the stage version of George du Maurier's novel was produced at the Savoy, somewhere about 1916, a female scribe wrote in great indignation, "Fancy an Ibbetson play in war-time! And Ibbetson German!"

As a demonstration of the number of inaccuracies it is possible to include in a couple of short sentences this is not so bad. In the film there are more inaccuracies than that but they are spread over a long period.

Since the cinema has such a technical equipment that it is better able than any other medium to reproduce the eerie and the supernatural, it is strange that a better job has not been made of this story of dreams. Do you remember du Maurier's lovers who met only in dreamland, or was this work so hopelessly overshadowed by the more popular *Trilby*? It was vaguely romantic and elusive. The film has succeeded only in making it flat-footed. The casting, oddly enough (for Hollywood can do dreadful things when it really busies itself in this direction) is much wiser than the general treatment. Miss Ann Harding was an admirable choice for the Duchess of Towers, for she has in her an ethical quality. Mr. Gary Cooper, too, gives the best performance I have yet seen from him. But the children, who are the lovers at an earlier stage, are as nasty a pair of little brats as the American screen has yet produced, and that says a great deal.

The imprisonment scenes, in which Hollywood has revelled for years, are as perfectly realistic as the result of long experience can make them. Poor Peter had a terrible time of it. But that is what comes of murdering a mid-Victorian duke.

I fancy the Carlton Theatre was happier with *Top Hat*.

HIS ENGLISH DEBUT: Ernst Deutsch, the brilliant Czechoslovakian actor, who is making his first appearance in this country in Charles Bennett's drama, *Page from a Diary*, which succeeds *Vicky* at the Garrick. He has had wide experience in Germany and Austria, having played Hamlet, Richard II, Mark Antony, and other Shakespearian parts, and also many of the important characters in Shaw, Ibsen, and Galsworthy. One of his greatest successes was in *Amphytrion*, with Elisabeth Bergner. *Above on right*—Greer Garson, who is leading lady in the cast of *Page from a Diary*

G.B.S.'S LATEST: Alastair, the financial juggler (Franz Hoebling), the wealthy Epiphania (Maria Eis), and pretty but empty-headed Patricia Smith (Elizabeth Jannsen)—three of the leading characters in Bernard Shaw's hitherto unproduced comedy, *The Millionairess*, which was well received when it had its world première a few days ago at the Akademie Theater in Vienna

A MODERN SETTING FOR A BIBLICAL BALLET: Anton Dolin and Epstein standing before the drop curtain the latter has designed for the ballet *David* which has been arranged by Poppœa Vanda from the story of David and Goliath and which has just opened at the Duke of York's Theatre. Dolin plays the part of David

"Sans Famille" (Film).—The little Academy Theatre can usually be relied upon to provide films out of the ordinary. *Sans Famille* seems to have been made mainly in order to exploit the youthful talents of Mr. Robert Lynen, which it does effectively. But it has other points and some novel aspects, even if one is growing rather tired of the romantic side of Vienna.

This is Vienna as seen through the eyes of a French producer, who seems to be much more ingenuous than most Frenchmen. It is a story of the kidnapping of the son of a Lady Milligan (for London is also brought in); the infant is left at Notre Dame and is adopted eventually by a kindly old man who had once been a famous opera singer. The old man is played by M. Vanni-Marloux, who really was once a famous opera-singer and, for that matter, still is.

So what could be fairer than that?

with his daughter Dassia at their Paris home. The the news a few weeks ago when he was involved in a which resulted in the cancellation of three performances Chaliapin, who made his first appearance in opera at European capitals, will celebrate his sixty-third birthday perhaps that of Ivan the Terrible in *Maid of Pskov*

SHOWS TO SEE

ALDWYCH: *The Dominant Sex* (second year).
COLISEUM: *Twenty to One*.
CRITERION: Lucy Mannheim in *Nina*.
DUCHESS: *Night Must Fall*.
HAYMARKET: Lilian Braithwaite in *Full House*.
LYRIC: Cedric Hardwicke in *Tovarich*.

WEEK-END COMFORT

Peter Clark

DISCREETLY CHECKED in peat and stone shades, this perfectly cut and tailored suit is knitted in soft wool. The coat is single breasted and slender waisted, and the skirt is slightly flared. A stone-coloured lace-stitch jumper with long sleeves completes the outfit, which costs 5½ guineas at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W. This suit is also made in a deep green, black, and navy with stone, and the little knitted cap can be made in any colour

BOLDLY RIBBED, the sweater above on the right is that *rara avis*—a country jumper that is warm, that looks sufficiently practical to be really chic, and that is flattering. In addition, it is easy to get into because it fastens down the front with a zip which also makes the neck adjustable. If you want to be really smart this spring you'll have zips on nearly all your clothes—not forgetting your evening dresses. This sweater costs 29s. 6d., is made in many excellent colours, and comes from Debenham and Freebody

HIGH REVERS, closely stitched, and raglan sleeves give a distinctive line to the jacket of the suit on the right. In heavy, shrunken stockinette, it is shaped with tucks at the waist, and the skirt has two pleats at the front. In nigger, navy, green, or rust, it costs 40s. at Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, where the felt hat with the new straight-fronted crown costs 29s. The ribbon band has slotted ends

What does the syphon *say?*

★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

NEW GUINEA

(*Continued from p. 88*)

Papuan coast. The limestone barrier had still to be recrossed though, and only a few pounds of rice remained to us. But we were to get there somehow.

Here we found different people; dark-skinned and bearded men wearing wigs of human hair closely woven and shaped like the hats of Cossacks. With their beards cut flat at the bottom, and their Biblical features, they reminded me of some lost tribe of Israel. They were in thousands. They spoke in deep, guttural voices and called my patrol officer L. J. O'Malley and myself "Kaimare." The people refused our offers of steel at first, but explained that there was enough food for all.

For ten or eleven days we marched south-eastwards down this valley, following wide roads and with thousands of men, women and children standing by to watch our passing. But we came to a section of the people that did not want us; and as no shot had till then been fired, and the people did not know what our rifles were, they thought us defenceless. Our weapons of wood and steel to them were just so many useless clubs.

We had been starved for two days, and in the hope that I might find a friendly section I decided to leave the western slopes of the valley and cross the Waga to the populated areas on the opposite side. We moved off at daylight that morning with guides to lead us to a cane suspension bridge across the river. Hooting and yodelling followed us to the bridge. The treacherous yodelling calls of these people, which we had heard without end for the last two days, had now become a nightmare.

The bridge was old and dangerous, and hundreds of armed men stood by to mock our efforts in crossing. After the first lot of police had crossed, and some of the carriers, I sent O'Malley with them up the opposite side to meet the people and see if he could obtain some food from this new section; but when I arrived with the last of the carriers, some two hours later, it was to find that there was no food and that the despicable attitude of the people continued.

O'Malley was sitting down in one of the parks. All our party were on one side; opposite were 300 to 400 men, all sitting down shoulder to shoulder and closely eyeing the party. I made another appeal to them; I pointed to our emaciated carriers, and explained that they had plenty and must give.

One man, without getting up, shouted "nahai nahai" at me in a hard, insolent tone, and indicated we go on hungry. I was in despair what to do. All around us were thousands of acres of potatoes, and we could dig sufficient food for the whole party in a few minutes; but I knew that the people only wanted the slightest excuse to murder us, and I did not want bloodshed on our hands. We were the intruders.

I waved my arm to them with a gesture that the appeal was at an end, and went back to O'Malley and

CONTINUATIONS

sat down to smoke some tobacco in a dried leaf. Our position was miserable. Our food was gone, our tents had rotted away, all we had were the clothes that we stood in and our rifles, and the Papuan coast was still hundreds of miles away.

Eventually we walked away along a wide road south-eastwards, without guides, but with as much dignity as our weak and starved bodies would allow.

That night we slept in an old cultivation, and ate a meal of boiled potato tops.

Three men came to lead us at dawn the next day. They carried unstrung bows and arrows. They avoided our questions for food, and led us across a large grass slope covered with snow-white balsam and heliotrope stock. A pretty sight. We came to some limestone pinnacles about three miles from the camp; there was a gap here, and the country beyond according to the guides was the Wen. About fifty men were now following the party, many of them observed dragging their bows at the back of them, while other armed natives were seen following by-tracks. A terrific din of yodelling was going on all the time.

Climbing to the top of the gap, where one road led up both ways of the saddle and the other down into the south-east, we found about twenty men waiting to receive us. Their friendliness was obviously forced. I took photographs of them and explained that our way was down the valley of the "big river." They in turn gave me the names of different places and even of the ground we stood upon at that moment. Everything was done to make these people try to understand that we neither feared nor distrusted them, and that we were harmless wanderers. But while this was going on a man appeared on the saddle about 20 yards away, and with an impatient, plain gesture, told the people to move us on. With that he disappeared by a side track, and the people we had been talking to now started to nervously urge us on our way. The yodelling on by-tracks had now ceased and our guides were gone. How cheaply they took us! The stage was set to their liking, and now it was only a matter of getting to the killing.

With the carriers bunched closely together, and each constable with his carbine loaded, we went down into the timber following a south-easterly direction. We had not advanced more than 100 yards, and were skirting the edge of this patch of timber, when the whole line was attacked. When an armed native, from a range of not more than 10 yards shot Armed Constable Borege in the side with an arrow, it was the signal for hundreds of screaming, yodelling natives to rush us at close quarters with their stone battle axes. But with every man in the patrol ready for them, the shock was terrific. With the explosions of the rifles, heard above the din of yodelling, the attack collapsed, and in 10 seconds we were left in silence. But had that large body of men, some of whom got within 5 yards of us, come to grips with the party, not one of us would have been left alive.

The most extraordinary thing of all was that after the attack all of the men came and sat down with the patrol. They made no mention of the attempt upon our lives, and it would have been indelicate to have suggested to them that we had been fighting for our lives only half an hour previously.

HISTORIC DOCUMENTS

(*Continued from p. 93*)

over by a private owner to a local depository approved by Lord Hanworth.

This letter is written by William Prynne, the famous pamphleteer who, having suffered the loss of both ears as a punishment for his effusions against the actions of Parliament, turned in his later life to the more peaceful occupation of dealing with the State archives.

The letter is dated at Lincoln's Inn, September 9, 1661, and in it Prynne chides Grimston that, while the Master of the Rolls is "sucking in the fresh country air" at Gorhambury in Hertfordshire, Prynne has "been almost choked with the dust of neglected records (interred in their own rubbish for sundry years) in the White Tower," their rust eating out the tops of his gloves with their touch and their dust rendering him as black as a chimney sweep.

"The work was so filthy and unpleasant that Mr. Riley and others would not soil their hands or clothes, nor endanger their healths to assist me in it.

"I intend, God willing, on Thursday morning next to take Coach for the Country, and, if I live till the terme, shall give you a further account of my proceedings in the Premises."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the Society's Homes at Bisley, Esher, London, Orpington, Royston and Twickenham, and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*, 1,100 poor boys and girls are being maintained. These children are being trained to be useful citizens. The Society is most urgently in need of funds to help in the carrying on of this great work for young children. Please spare what you can and the children will thank you. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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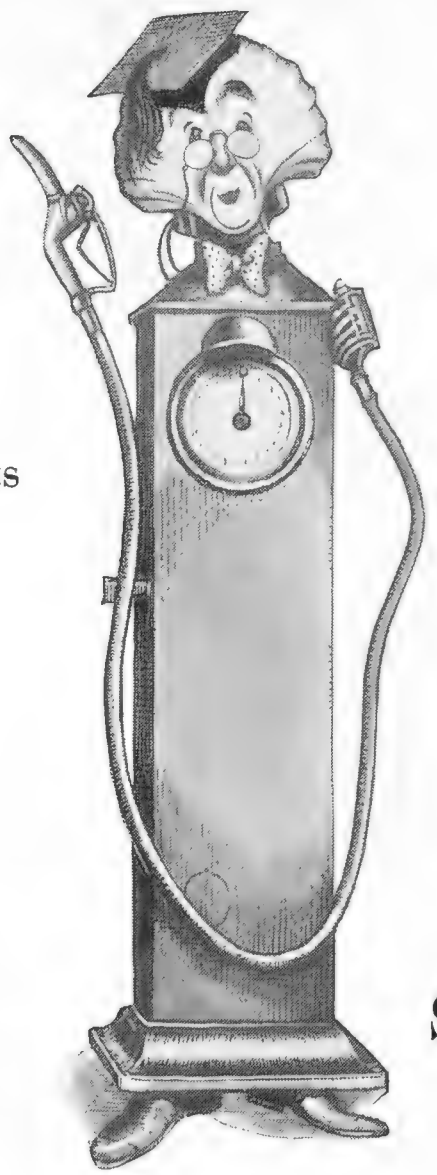

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In the course of his research into matters of health as affected by clothing, Mr. John A. Bolton (Proprietor of The Chilprufe Manufacturing Co.), has latterly given much attention to apparatus for the use of men who suffer from weaknesses of the bladder, kidneys, prostate gland, etc.

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The Chilprufe Manufacturing Co.
John A. Bolton, Proprietor
LEICESTER

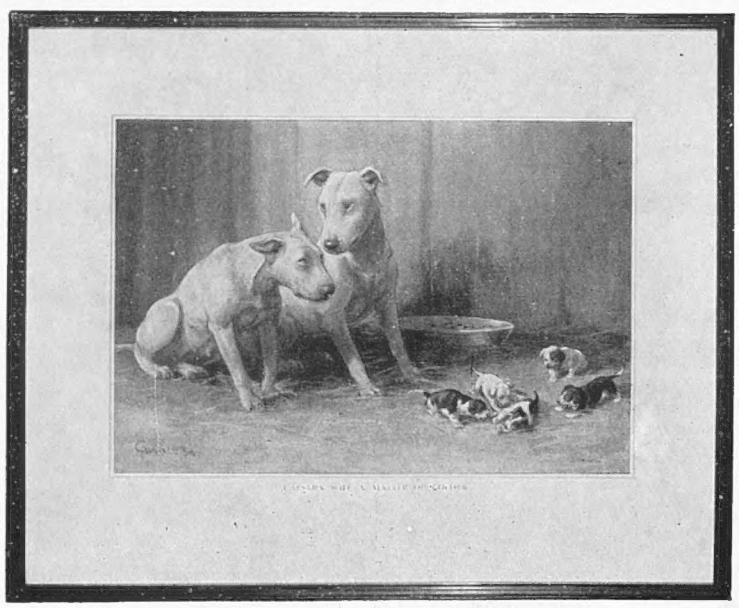
TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers
(See also 3rd page of cover)

N., Cape Town (Cruise to the Norwegian Fjords).—The *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line, one of the most luxurious of cruising liners, is making a 20 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords, leaving Tilbury on July 11th. Ports of call, where passengers are given ample time for making shore excursions, include Trangisvaag (Faroe Isles), Reykjavik (Iceland), Kings Bay (Spitzbergen), North Cape, Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromso, Trondheim, Merok, Loen, Aardal and Bergen. Weather permitting, the sun will be visible at midnight on several dates during the cruise. Fares range from 30 guineas. The *Arandora Star* is scheduled to make other cruises to the north, with departures on June 27th, August 1st, and August 15th.

O., Hants. (Majorca).—The Alfonso Hotel which is situated in the suburb of El Terreno a short distance out of Palma, is an excellent hotel, terms ranging from about 11s. per day. The hotel overlooks the sea, bathing being possible from the bottom of the garden, the beach of Calamayor being about five minutes' walk from the hotel. The Hotel Marina at Puerto de Soller, a small village built round a bay on the north-west side of the island, is situated in a most delightful position right on the beach, the surrounding country being most attractive and offering unlimited scope for walks. Terms range from about 6s. to 7s. per day.

K., Salop (Germany).—You could make a very comprehensive rail tour of Germany for about £6 12s., travelling 2nd class, and including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German Railways, providing one stays at least seven days in the country. The itinerary from Cologne back to Cologne would include Mainz, Heidelberg, Offenburg, Triberg, Constance, Lindau, Munich, Nuremberg, Bayreuth, Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Hamburg, Hanover, Hildesheim, Goslar, and Dusseldorf. The return excursion fare from London to Hergenrath, the German frontier station, via Dover–Ostende, is £3 17s. 7d., 2nd class, the ticket being valid for seventeen days, outward travel being limited to Mondays and Saturdays.



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Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
Weston-super-Mare.—Grand Atlantic. Tel. 1533.
Weston-super-Mare.—Grosvenor Htl (unlicen'd)
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

LONDON

De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

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Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
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FREQUENTLY in the course of business or everyday conversation the need for reference books crops up, and it is easy to understand why such volumes as *Who's Who, Debrett's*, etc., are to be found in so many offices and libraries throughout the country; for with these works at hand one can reduce to the ultimate minimum one's dilemmas—whether titular, geographical, or personal.

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This is the only compendium of notables, inclusion in which is based on merit alone, and the names of 99·9 per cent. of British people who have achieved distinction in business or public life appear between the familiar red covers. These condensed biographies make extraordinarily interesting reading and, which is more, every fact given can be relied upon as being accurate. Needless to say, it is false economy to use old editions, as from year to year such a host of changes take place. The volume, which contains some 40,000 entries, is published by A. and C. Black and is priced at £3.

FOR EVERY SHELF: *Burke's Peerage, Debrett's, Who's Who,* and *The Royal Blue Book*

"BURKE'S"

The histories of all the noble families, their places of residence, their armorial bearings, and practically every significant fact about them, are included in *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (£5 5s.), the ninety-fourth edition of which has just been published. This immense work, containing over three thousand pages, is brought absolutely up to date each year, and in view of the labour involved in its compilation and printing, it is a matter for wonderment that it can be offered at such a comparatively moderate price.

"DEBRETT'S"

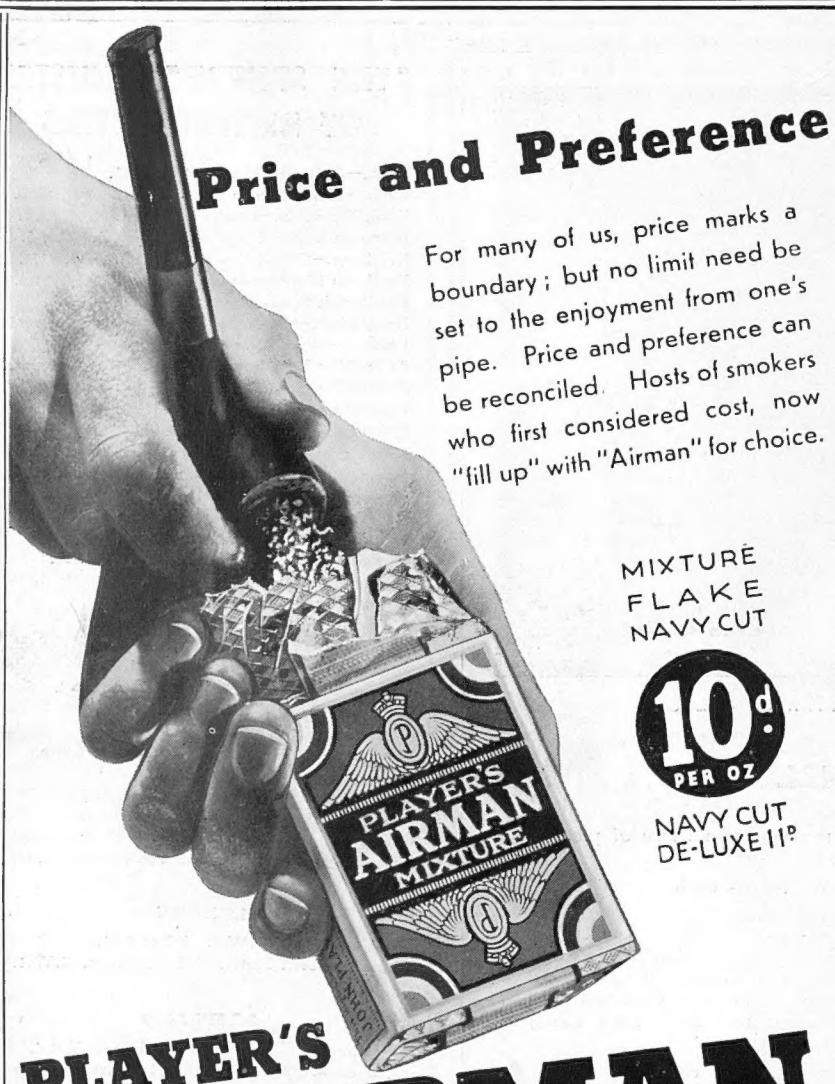
Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, which is published by Dean and Son, Ltd., at 84s., has now made its appearance for 1936, and, as usual, contains all the regular features and a most interesting preface covering the major events of the year. With regard to Royal weddings, it is pointed out that in addition to the Duke of Gloucester three other of Queen Victoria's great-grandchildren were married during 1935. "The first of these, the Infanta Beatriz, the elder daughter of King Alfonso of Spain and Queen Victoria Eugenia, to Don Alessandro Torlonia, Prince of Civitella Cesi; the second, Princess Ingrid, only daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden and the late Princess Margaret of Connaught, to the Crown Prince of Denmark; and the third, the Prince of the Asturias, brother of the Infanta Beatriz, to Princess Marie Mercedes, daughter of Prince Charles de-Bourbon-Siciles.

"BLUE BOOK"

THE Royal Blue Book and Court Guide (Kelly's Ltd., 7s. 6d.) contains an alphabetical list of the names and addresses of the occupants of the better class private houses in the area bounded by Hampstead, Bloomsbury, West Kensington, and Chelsea, and as such, is invaluable both for social and commercial uses. The recent General Election has necessitated the complete revision of the Parliamentary Lists. These contain a record of the changes which have taken place. One list includes the names of members of Parliament with the constituency which each represents: the other gives the names of members under their respective constituences.

MR. R C. VAUGHAN, whose death took place recently, was an expert on hotel keeping and was probably a director of more hotels than any other man in the country. He was a manager at 23 and at one time was caterer to the House of Lords. Mr. Vaughan's hobby was farming and he kept a herd of prize Guernseys

A notable distinction, and one which is much coveted among all classes of manufacturers, has recently come the way of Messrs. W. Sanderson and Son, distillers and Scotch whisky merchants since 1863, who have been appointed purveyors of whisky to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. They are, of course, the makers of the well-known "Vat 69" liqueur whisky.



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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., Beds. (Palestine and the Sudan).—There are several good hostels in Jerusalem, including the Church of Scotland Hostel, the American Colony Hostel, and the Cathedral Hostel, terms ranging from about 10s. to 12s. per day. Accommodation for Easter week should be reserved well in advance. The Khedivial Mail Line, 117, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, runs a weekly service from Suez to Port Sudan, leaving the former at 5 p.m. on Wednesdays, arriving in Port Sudan at 7 a.m. on Mondays. In the reverse direction the boat leaves Port Sudan on Tuesdays at 12 noon, arriving in Suez at 7 a.m. on Sundays. The single 1st class fare is £13 6s. 6d., there being a reduction of 5 per cent. off the return fare. There are two train services weekly from Port Sudan to Khartoum, leaving Port Sudan at 5 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays, arriving in Khartoum at 5.50 p.m. the following day. The service from Khartoum to Port Sudan runs on Sundays and Wednesdays, leaving Khartoum at 8.40 p.m., arriving in Port Sudan at 9.20 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays. The single 1st class fare is £7 3s., the supplement for the 1st class sleeper being about £1. Information concerning travel in the Sudan can be obtained from the offices of the Sudan Government, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. The return tourist class fare from Marseilles to Port Said by P. and O. Line is £20 or £22. The *Strathmore*, carrying 1st and tourist-class passengers, leaves Marseilles on February 21, arriving at Port Said on February 26, and for the return journey the *Moldavia*, carrying tourist-class passengers only, leaves Port Said on March 23, arriving at Marseilles on March 27. The return 2nd class overland fare from London to Marseilles via Dover–Calais is £12 7s. 3d., the supplement for the 2nd-class sleeper between Paris and Marseilles being £2 18s. 10d.

E., Glasgow (Spain).—There is no small resort on the Spanish coast near Huelva where reasonably good hotel accommodation could be obtained. In Huelva itself there is the Hotel Internacional. There is no direct railway communication between Huelva and Cadiz, though there is a line from both Cadiz and Huelva to Seville. There is also a motor coach service between Huelva and Seville and Seville and Cadiz and you would find this a most comfortable means of travelling. The cost of the journey from Huelva to Cadiz via Seville would be under £1. The leading hotel in Cadiz is the Atlantico, while the Hotel France et Paris can also be recommended. For holiday purposes however we think you would find it more pleasant to visit the Hotel Cristina at Algeciras, this being a first-class hotel situated in large grounds, overlooking the Bay of Gibraltar. Excursions could be made to Ronda, Malaga, Ceuta, Tangier and Gibraltar.

K., Kent (Sea voyage).—The Royal Mail Line in conjunction with the Holland America Line run a cargo service from London or Swansea to the Pacific coast of the U.S.A. and Canada. The boats are of 9,000 to 10,000 tons and carry from twelve to twenty saloon passengers all of whom are accommodated in outside cabins. The return fare from England to Vancouver is £90, the boats calling en route at Cristobal, Guayaquil. Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle, and occasionally at Bermuda, Kingston, and Curaçao. The passage from England to Vancouver takes from thirty-five to thirty-seven days. Particulars concerning shore excursions can be obtained on board.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered

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Menton.—Hotel Bellevue et d'Italie.—Patron. by Royalty. Beaut. own gds. Terms fr. 4 gns. Restaur. pers. super. by mang. P. Churchman.

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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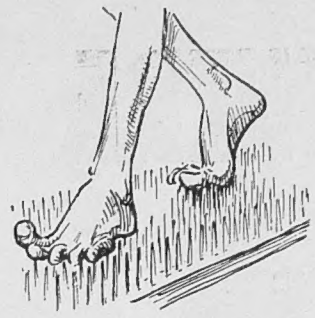

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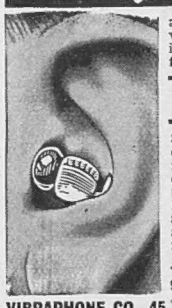

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" . . . This was the world that formed the first impressions of an extremely sensitive little child, Torquato Tasso. His father, Bernardo, a man of letters and a poet, knew very well that his *bambino* Torquato was a prodigy of intelligence, and he spared no pains in bringing him up according to his ambition. Brought to Naples from his native Sorrento, he was entrusted to the care of the Jesuits, where he progressed so rapidly that at the age of ten he was able to translate at sight the classics of Greece and Rome. But the last two years of his residence had been so stormy, for Naples in general and his family in particular, that it had been impossible to keep him in ignorance of the horrors and calamities that befell his father.

The latter, Secretary-General to Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, shared the fate of his master when a general protest of citizens was organised, and the Prince of Salerno was chosen to bring to the Emperor in Germany the accusation of the city of Naples against the Tyrant, Don Pedro.

Bernardo Tasso accompanied the Prince of Salerno, but when they arrived in Nuremberg they found that Don Pedro had forestalled them. He had sent an emissary of his own to the Emperor describing from his own viewpoint the seditions and disorders of Naples, and accusing the Prince of Salerno as the instigator.

On the journey back, a mercenary assassin hired by Don Pedro just failed to kill the patriotic prince.

Stringent orders were issued by the Emperor against the 'culprits.' Vengeance lay, sinister and ominous, ahead. The Prince of Salerno, with his Secretary-General, Bernardo Tasso, saved their lives only by fleeing from Naples.

The sentence in the hands of Don Pedro was carried out mercilessly. The property of the two fugitives was confiscated. They were declared rebels, and little Torquato was forced to bid farewell to a broken-hearted mother . . . "

* * *

"One day his room was invaded by a group of guards with a warrant for a wholesale requisition of every book and every paper belonging to him, while Torquato was held motionless in the professional grip of one. The others took away every scrap of paper, all his books, manuscripts, references—all the substance of his life. This innocent material was all submitted to a careful examination, and passed through the scorching heat of flat-irons in case that anything had been written in lemon-juice or other sympathetic ink . . . "

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